The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 20. NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1860. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS
IS PUBLISHED AT
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE
AT
ROGERS'S BOOKSTORE, 827 BROADWAY.

PRICE
$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING
Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions. Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

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N. B.—All communications should be addressed to
HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

For The New York Saturday Press.

MAY AFTERNOON.

BY FREDERICK A. PARMENTER.

I.

The apple-blooms have crowned the trees
With perfumed heaps of rosy snow,
And reared an arch of gala-white
Above the mossy walk below.

II

Dim clouds of amethyst and bronze,
Fly dreamily towards the sun,
Like Summer birds, with gold-tipped wings,
Bound Westward when the day is done

III.

The orange-belted bee's low hum
Chimes with the murmur of the stream;
And life flows on in charmed hours,
As though 'twere some voluptuous dream

IV

The wildered senses reel with joy—
O, yearning soul, why ask for more?
Thou wilt not find a higher bliss
Until thou tread'st the Eden-shore!

EVENINGS WITH THE MARCHIONESS.

Translated for The New York Saturday Press, from the French of PAUL FÉVAL,

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

II.

THREE ADVENTURES.

(CONCLUDED.)

"'Denis,' said she at length, 'all of us have evil moments in our lives. I would give you a profitable lesson, for I feel an interest in your career, and I have an affection for you. But you are very young, my child, to receive certain confidences—and perhaps you will not comprehend fully, just now, that an avowal such as I am hesitating to make you, costs more—costs a thousand times more, Denis,—than a service which would place in your hands a moiety of my fortune.'

"'Madame!' murmured I, for I did not, in fact, understand the sense of her words. I was only struck by her grave tone, and her sudden pallor.

"'Denis,' she resumed, 'have you a real regard for me?'

"'Oh! Madame the Princess!'

"'Would you be touched rightly by an example that I might draw from my proper history?'

"'Certes, Madame—but what possible connection?'

"'I tell you that we all have our perilous—even fatal moments,' interrupted she, lowering her voice; 'men as well as women; and we only reach God through much struggle and suffering. I believe in your vocation, Denis. You chose that voluntarily, which to-day you would cast away in a fit of puerile anger. If you had the least serious objection to the priesthood—the least real repugnance—I would not say to you be a priest! I would say, reflect, examine yourself. I hope, Denis, that there will never arrive to you that day on which you need flee from your conscience; and I come to you—I, who am of your mother's age—to tell you that which is only told to the confessor, or to God.'

"She was silent. I did not yet comprehend. But I already began to feel a gratitude full of emotion, for the task this noble woman was imposing on herself for my sake. Since my departure from the Archbishop's, only the evil chords of my nature had vibrated; she reawakened the good ones. And I had some good ones, ladies and gentlemen, for from that moment, I have done my best in life.

"'In this world, my child,' continued she quickly, as if she wished to shake off her last irresolution, 'no one escapes the penalty of the original sin. When they talk of the calm of certain duties, when they boast the tranquillity of the priest, the recluse, the wife, they speak only by comparison. The rule of life is judged by the exceptions. This rule is a buckler, in fact; but it is far from being the impenetrable one of Minerva. There is one means, however, to continue the metaphor, of reconstructing the mythological ægis: this is, by placing behind the buckler a substance still more faithful. Place conscience behind this life-rule: the rule is of gold; the conscience, of diamond!

"I had reached twenty-two years, and had been married six. M. the Prince counted scarcely two years more than I. He was, therefore, much younger. Men, in fact, have established a law that shortens the youth of one sex by prolonging that of the other and the women are like soldiers in face of the enemy—their years count double.

"I had seen nothing of the world before marriage: I came out of the convent to my husband's mansion. Therefore I had no friends outside, but I had contracted an intimacy within that convent, that took hold of my heart's deepest fibres.

"Marie de Rieux had replaced, for me, all my family affections, for I was an orphan, and an only child.

"In the convent, I was serious, quiet, and a little cold; Marie, ardent, brilliant, beautiful, full of spirit. It was always I who moderated her gayety, in our loving intercourse. She called me the Carmelite, and I laughingly retorted by naming her Madame the Princess. Once, one of her relatives came to see her. When I met Marie, after her kinswoman's departure, her eyes were swollen with weeping. We had no secrets for each other. I questioned her; she was silent, and begun to weep afresh. Then, with a sad smile, she said,

"'If it were thou who should be the Princess, and I the Carmelite?'

"From that time, her gayety was gone. She spoke little, and when I succeeded, now and then, in drawing her from her reveries—

"'When I shall have thee no longer, dear little sister,' she would say, 'what will become of me?'

"I also, I asked myself this. I longed for her secret; was sure she had one; but she remained mute. I was three days gathering the courage to announce my marriage to her. At the first word she grew pale.

"'Whom dost thou marry, little sister?' she demanded quickly.

"I told her my husband's name. Her smile made my heart sick.

"'This is the first part of my prophecy,' murmured she. 'Behold thee a Princess! Shall I be a Carmelite?'

"She would not assist at my nuptials. I obtained the permission of the Prince to invite her to stay with us; she refused peremptorily. At first I visited her regularly; then, I had another duty. God blessed the first year of my marriage. I was a mother. And yet, even this great love, this great joy, did not efface Marie from my heart.

"The day of my son's birth I received a letter from Marie, announcing her entrance into the Novitiate of the Carmelites. The letter was affectionate, pious, but sad. Marie had a secret. The cloister is a refuge, doubtless; but suffering is not vocation. In the Novitiate she could not write, and I saw her rarely. I took her my infant; she embraced it with many tears. A few months later she took the vows, and we were parted forever. I never made another friend. I was wholly given to my husband, who loved me, and to my child. This lasted six years, as I have told you, since my history only really begins at my twenty-second year. Listen to me well, Denis, and seek only the lesson in all this! You will be a priest, I affirm it! In that character you have the right to hear, what I, in that of a woman who now replaces your mother, have the right to tell you.

"One day I perceived that my husband loved me no longer. The love of the husband is the virtue of the wife. Let them that are loved never boast of their purity! Their path is straight, easy, and thornless. They fulfil their duty without effort, as they breathe! My house—late so bright—seemed sombre, empty. My boy's smiles made me weep.

"My husband no longer loved me! Why? Had I already lost my beauty at an age when beauty is but in its flower? Yet I saw around me women less fair than I, who were loved. Was I no longer worthy of esteem? The little wealth of mind I was gifted with, had it fled?

"I have spoken of evil days, Denis; they were beneath our roof then. My husband loved me no more. The idea of revenge began to germinate within me, precisely because I loved still. I flung myself into society, and there I found my rival. She was less handsome than I; older than I; more silly than I; more ill-tempered than I. I said to myself, I will crush this woman beneath my superiorities. And I became a coquette. And my rival was, in fact, beaten, crushed, eclipsed! The world pronounced between us,—but my husband was not of the world's opinion. My husband continued to follow her, and abandon me. What cared I for the world's praise of my triumph? I had not fought for the world. My husband alone could recompense my struggle. I had lost the combat. I fled society as suddenly as I had sought it. My husband paid as little attention to one caprice as to the other; my house was, in a measure, no longer his. When we met, he accosted me as if in joy at our unexpected encounter. This was above all true, when I ceased going to the court. I saw him no more; and there was something supremely cruel added to this: the few friends who came to see me, never seemed surprised not to find the Prince at home. They asked me not of him. Our estrangement was a notorious and accepted fact. There were some good souls who pushed barbarity even far enough to want to console me, to talk reason to me. My hotel was decidedly too near the battle-field whereon I had been vanquished. I went away to our chateau of Angoumois, and there I fell terribly ill. My convalescence was as dreary as a season of mourning; it was with despair that I felt myself reentering life.

"One evening it seemed to me that the solitary chateau suddenly filled, and that my chamber was lighted as with a gleam of joy. The Prince was there at my side. I thought myself saved. He was, as always, kind. One would have thought he never knew the pain he gave me. He stayed two days, then pursued his journey, and the Viscount of Aulnay informed me—I know not if maliciously—that my rival was at her chateau near La Rochelle. My husband had called upon me in passing! This Viscount of Aulnay was a handsome young man of my own age, whom I had known from childhood, because he was the cousin of Marie. Marie, my poor dear Marie! If I had had her with me, I thought I should have been half consoled. I had never loved other than those two—the Prince and Marie. I often began letters to her, but never finished them; she could not receive them; she was cloistered; she was dead.

"Know we what we want when the spirit, the life even is wounded? The moment I could rise, I held the country in horror. I must have Paris; what hoped I from Paris? I could not tell, but the fever burned me till I was on the road to Paris. In reentering this conjugal roof I was seized with a kind of vertigo, and became nearly insane with grief. I had fled from religion: I charged God with my anguish. I was alone!

"An idea came to me, for the need of combat was ever present; I said I would conquer, if I fought with equal arms. Words of desperation. What arms? I thirsted to know. There was one of my convent schoolmates, who, following the dangerous slope of a too vivid and adventurous spirit, had gradually reached a glory of scandal. The Marchioness of X—— was queen of a certain set, and boasted of her power over the husbands of too rigid wives. I had closed my doors on the Marchioness from the first. Now I sought her, and was welcomed, from a motive of curiosity. I humbled myself to the syren, and begged her to teach me her song. She laughed in my face, and cried: 'Do as I do, my dear!' I was indignant; and yet what other counsel could she give me?

"Six months passed. I read a book in which it was affirmed that love could be reawakened by jealousy; my head had become weak, and my reason was veritably deranged. The Viscount Aulnay continued his rôle of submissive and respectful admirer toward me. I committed the crime, then, of permitting a hope to be born in the young man's bosom. However, the ruse told: M. the Prince was jealous. The Viscount only frightened me now, but the Prince again found his eyes and ears for me. Madly bent on complete victory, I turned mine away not to see the danger. One night I was alone in my box at the opera, I received the Viscount's visit because the Prince was in the box of my rival. The Viscount spoke of his love. I had my eyes on the Prince. Suddenly, I became aware that I was no longer jealous. It was a thunder stroke. O! this was not the remedy I sought for my grief! The abyss was in front of me; I saw it; it beckoned me as by a magnetic fascination. I ordered the Viscount to call my carriage, and forbade him to follow me. I returned home; wrote a letter that I placed upon the table of the Prince's chamber, and fled forth on foot at midnight. I also thought to die, Denis; for I have the pride to feel that I would have died before I would have fallen. In the darkness of the streets my condemnation seemed written in letters of fire. I had played with a mortal weapon, and I had stabbed myself mortally. My child, when one is no longer jealous, it is that one loves no more; and wherefore should I have no longer loved my husband? It was because in my soul I was already guilty. Where, think you, went I? Christopher of Beaumont was my confessor once: I went to cast myself at his knees, and beg him for a refuge. He was alone in his cabinet, watching and toiling. I fell at his feet, and laid bare my heart.

"He asked me: 'What think you of doing, my daughter?'

"'I know that by your influence, father,' answered I, 'a wife may obtain the shelter of the cloister. I want a barrier against my own heart. I wish to die from the world, that I may avoid the precipice upon whose verge I feel myself staggering.'

"He took both my hands and drew me to a seat beside him.

"'You love your husband still, my child,' said he.

"'No! no! no!' three times I exclaimed; 'there is my punishment! I love him no longer! I love him no longer!'

"'And your son?' he murmured.

"I covered my face and wept.

"He spoke no more then, but seemed profoundly absorbed in meditation. When I raised my eyes, I beheld through my tears, the ardent tenderness of his charity beaming softly from his noble countenance.

"'My daughter,' said he finally, 'make an effort to hear and to understand me. I am about to teach you a vital lesson, by relating to you a history of yesterday, and which is akin to your own. The wretched woman asked no seal of confession for her story, and whatever example shall serve for the good of the flock belongeth to the shepherd.

"'Do you listen to me, my child?'

"'My father, I do.'

"'Here,' resumed Monseigneur after a silence, 'upon the very spot where you but now knelt, another woman, yesterday, cast herself down, sobbing. The tears of that woman were as tears of blood. Her burning eyes blazoned her madness and her crime: for she was more wretched than you, my daughter; she had committed a crime, and the bolt of God had scathed her.

"She was of your age, beautiful as you, gentle as you, and far more despairing, oh! far more! She had hid her sex under man's habit, but the violence of her course through the midnight streets had flung her long hair wildly over her shoulders. Prostrate at my feet, she cried to me:

"'Punish me! punish me! I am a nun!'

"'My heart shuddered to measure the dreadful depth of this fall! A maiden vowed to the Saviour had wandered, at this hour of night, in this costume, through the highways of Paris! But the greater the fall, the further the hand of succor must be stretched forth to redeem and to soothe. I said to her:

"'My daughter, open your heart contritely, and God will take pity upon you.'

"She raised her suppliant head, and clasped her hands in the struggle to thank me. 'O! Monseigneur! Monseigneur!' she stammered amid her sobs, 'will God's pity even, be as great as is my crime? I have come to you, as one flying to the supreme resource. But what can you—what could the sacred Head of the Church himself—I am lost! lost! lost!'

"'Her eyes,' continued the Archbishop, 'became stony, and gave forth no more tears. I took her two hands as I have taken yours, and seated her where you sit now.'

"'I am a Carmelite, Monseigneur,' resumed she, with the sombre resolution of despair. 'An affection deceived—a young affection—opened to me the convent cell. The very day I should have died to the world, I learned that my determination was the result of an error. It was too late: I passed on; but I carried with me, beneath that veil with which we are wrapped as in a shroud, a bitter regret: I was loved!

"This thought remained within me as a poison that was fated to destroy forever my peace. In the first moments of my new life, however, I felt guarded against myself, as by a supernatural force; I had faith; I hoped for oblivion; I prayed God for it; I went further: I confessed unreservedly the state of my heart to the Supérieure. She bade me pray, and be comforted. Without departing from the severity of our order, she found means to soothe my wounded spirit; she attached herself to me—to me, most unworthy of all; so much did she, alas! that her charity made me rivals and enemies! She died, and was replaced by one who had often called me a favorite of the dead.

Does God, defending us in the great perils of passion, abandon us to the miserable temptations, born of envy and of anger? Our new Supérieure was severe to me, who already staggered toward the abyss. Instead of the gentle aid and sympathy offered me by the saint who had gone, I found icy phrases, or silence more implacable than words. My heart, sick unto death, closed itself to hope of rescue, and opened to the terrible appeals from without.

"Monseigneur, we are dead in those cloisters, and yet the marble of our tombs is but a feeble barrier against the power of evil. I have been able to flee the sepulchre; you see it, since I am at your feet: I had already received two letters from without, where my protectress died. How? Here is the mystery. I found them both between the leaves of my missal. I had not read them: but neither had I destroyed them. They were beneath the floor of my cell.

"One morning, broken in spirit and courage, I opened my book at the Litanies of the Virgin. There was a miniature between the two first pages of the litany. It was the likeness of Henri, whom I had so loved. He was painted with opened bosom, and on his heart was writ the name of Marie. It was not, here, the name of the Saviour's mother; it was mine. I placed my hand over it, and I saw it through my hand; I shut the book, and I saw it still. I fell upon knees, and my voice, that would have prayed, murmured nothing but Henri! Henri! Monseigneur, I had no one to lean upon then. My Supérieure was dead, and I alone. This portrait filled my cell; God had left me. I took the letters from my floor and read them; they burned me like a fire. From that moment I was lost! I hid my scapulary, and carried the letters and portrait on my heart in its place. Three days passed. The fourth—which was yesterday—in the morsel of bread that was served me, I found a fragment of paper, on which I read: 'The apple fallen beneath the third apple-tree on the right.' We were in the garden; I picked up the apple; it contained twenty gold pieces and a letter. The gold was to bribe the person who would aid my escape. The letter told me, that under my seat in the choir I would find a male costume; and gave me the further instructions to be followed. I did not hesitate an instant, Father, and I remember that I smiled under my veil, when I looked at the Supérieure upon whom I was about to revenge myself.

"'In the choir, I dared not, during service, look under my seat; but I contrived to remain last, and hid myself behind the door, which was closed upon me. I waited a moment, my heart throbbing with fear and hope; then sped to the bench, and found the dress I now wear. I put it on in the holy place itself. The day declined; it was the hour assigned in the letter. I slid my nun's robe under the bench, and went out. In the corridor there was a lay-sister with her face hidden in her hood. I went straight up to her, and held out my hand full of gold. She took it, and counted it, then said: 'As you pass the tower, cry gaily, Chevalier d'Ailly! now follow me.' In two minutes I was in the street, a cloak was flung over my shoulders, and I was lifted into a carriage by two trembling arms.

"'Monseigneur Henri wished to go at once to Namur, for he feared scandal; but I—O! it is true that a curse lies on the soul that breaks a vow! It was I, mad, intoxicated, it was I who wished to remain in Paris! It was I—O! yes! it was I, Monseigneur, who cried,—so near the cloister where I had left my perjured faith, and broken oath—'I desire to go to the Opera!'

"'Here the voice of the nun was choked by sobs, and I was obliged,' said the Archbishop, 'to conjure from my sorrowing heart, a smile to lighten her terror. The bell that the world calls despair, was about her.'

"'Further, I know nothing clearly,' resumed she, great clammy drops oozing from her temples, and her breath coming convulsively; 'I who had but just come forth from my solitude, entered, with brow unveiled, and eager eyes, into this temple of worldly pleasures. I know not, I repeat, how the time passed there. I was dreaming the most ravishing, the most impossible of dreams; I was listening to Henri, who whispered me of love. . . . . I was awakened as by a peal of thunder. A musketeer came and sat down beside me, and insolently tapped me under the chin. He had divined my sex under my disguise. I saw Henri spring up, white with anger, and his hand rung on the officer's cheek. . . . . They went out in the midst of a great tumult. I endeavored to follow them, but it was long ere I could pierce the crowd. When I reached the portico, the sound of clinking swords guided me, and I rushed into the street, with outstretched arms and mad cries. Henri and the musketeer were fighting under a street lamp. I beheld the the officer's rapier enter the bosom of Henri, who fell. I staggered across his body and fell upon it. The steel had silenced his heart forever.

"'Monsigneur,' continued the nun, without pausing at this terrible crisis, but as if, on the contrary, this horrid memory had given her new strength, 'the sword that slew Henri slew my madness, and my moral intoxication at the same instant. It was the hand of God. I beheld my vow, then, as an arc that nothing could break, not even crime; and in him that lay at my feet, I saw the man who had profaned the arc by a touch, and who, like the Levite, had fallen, blasted in the act. Ah! I know the world will cry, "Woman without heart in crime, after having been without faith in religion, thou did'st not love. God curses thee twice, woman twice perjured." Is it true?' . . . 'Her eyes were fixed on me,' said the Archbishop; 'strange lights flashed through them. This woman stood before me as a living combat between the powers of Good and Evil.'

"'Yes,' pursued she in a lower voice, 'I abandoned the corpse of Henri upon the stones. A minute before I would have given my life a thousand times for him. I wandered about seeking an open church-door, for I wished to thank God, who had placed this barrier of death between us, before the crime already complete in thought had stamped its sacrilege into act. The churches were all closed. I knelt upon the steps of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and poured out all my tears there. Now, I have no more tears. And I took the road to your house, to you, who are my master and Father. God shows the straying sheep the way that leads to its shepherd. Monseigneur, I cannot reenter my cloister; the door is closed upon me as upon all; and I cannot remain out of that cloister where is my vow, and my safety. I see not how I can be saved, nor is it for me to see, since you behold me at your feet. Minister of God, save me.'

"'She was silent. I held my head in my hands, meditating,' continued the prelate, 'and asking counsel of Him who is our only guide in the labyrinth of life. I sought a way of saving this woman, and, as yet, I found it not. How to force the doors of this walled convent? How to escape the malice that kills more surely than the crime itself?

"'She mistook my silence, and murmured, "Pity, have pity, Father."

"'Then, with sudden violence—'A nun, outside her convent, you know it well, has no refuge in this world. There are but two doors open; one of which leads to the lowest depths of vice, the other to the furthermost limit of crime. Minister of God, give me back Him, to defend me from shame or from suicide.'

"'I looked at the clock, it was an hour after midnight; I rang and ordered my carriage. The nun did not question me, but was passively ready. I bade her enter the vehicle beside me.

"'To the convent of the Lady Carmelites,' said I to the coachman. During the traverse not a word was spoken between us. I got out alone, at the convent gate, and knocked. After a long interval the portress appeared at the wicket, and demanded, in a querulous voice, why I troubled the repose of a religious house at such an hour. I replied in a severe tone, 'I am Christopher of Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, and I come, as is my right and duty, by night as well as by day, to inspect the house of the Carmelite daughters.

"'Monseigneur!' stammered the portress.

"'I passed my pastoral cross through the wicket; 'Open!' said I.

"She obeyed. 'Open the inside gate,' commanded I, again.

"It was done. Then, I asked: 'Is the way free, now, between the Supérieure and myself?' 'It is,' said the trembling Sister; 'I will show Monseigneur the road.'

"'I know it,' replied I; 'go into your cell, and give me the key of your door.'

"She retired, and I locked her in her lodge. Then, returning to the carriage, I brought out the nun, who now trembled with fever, and whose teeth chattered audibly. We entered; I locked the street-gate, and we found ourselves in complete darkness.

"'Lead me to the chapel,' said I to her. We went groping our way along the corridors. The cells were all locked on the outside; there was no fear of being seen—or even heard. Thus we reached the choir.

"'Find your religious dress again,' said I. She obeyed, and returning, murmured: 'Alas! Monseigneur, my cell, like the rest, is locked from without, and the Supérieure has all the keys.'

"'Do they visit the cells in the evening?' I asked.

"'No! the portress merely turns the keys in the locks, and carries them to the Mother.'

"'Lead me to the Supérieure.'

"My companion trembled more and more, and muttered painfully:

"'I have deserved my chastisement. The mother will be pitiless!'

"'I merely repeated; lead on.'

"'The cell of the Supérieure was in the centre of the first story, and was indicated by a lamp burning opposite the door.

"'Remain here, at the end of the corridor, and wait for me,' said I to the nun.

"She heaved a long sigh of relief, and kissed the hem of my robe.

"I advanced, and knocked sharply at the door of the Mother.

"'Who dares?'—cried she suddenly aroused.

"'I, Christopher of Beaumont, by the grace of God, and of the Apostolic Vicar of God, Archbishop of Paris.'

"'Monseigneur!'—I heard her rise and hastily dress; and the door was quickly opened.

"'What has induced a visit from your Grandeur at this hour of the night?' asked she anxiously.

"'One of your nuns has been seen at the Opera, my Sister,' said I.

"'The Opera!' cried she, confounded; 'a Carmelite! it is impossible!'

"'I have received, this very night, the report of it.'

"'It is impossible!' she repeated: 'I will visit every cell with you—'

"'And I refuse to permit you, my Sister, for I have lost my confidence in you.'

"'Monseigneur,' stammered she, terrified by the sternness of my look.

"'Your keys, Sister!' I demanded haughtily.

"She handed them with bowed head.

"'Which is that of your own cell?'

"She pointed to it with trembling finger.

"'It is well, my Sister; the rest regards myself alone.'

"I went out, and fastened the Supérieure, as I had the portress, in her chamber. We were masters of the convent. The nun conducted me to her cell, wherein I enclosed her. This time it was I who waited outside, while she replaced her male attire by the dress she should never have quitted. She handed me the disguise, which I concealed under my robe.

"'Now, said I,' the letters, and the miniature.

"She gave them to me. I gave her my blessing in return, while she clasped my knees, and wept plentifully. As I turned the key in the lock, I heard her murmur, sobbing: 'Monseigneur, one prayer for him!'

"'My Sister,' said I to the Supérieure who awaited me, pale and fearful, 'I have been deceived by a false report; not a daughter is wanting from your flock. But an impious wind seems blowing through the world. Be vigilant, and merit your name of Mother as much by your mercy as by your justice.'

"Thus ended the Archbishop's recital," continued the Princess of Lambese; "and I need not tell you, Denis, with what respectful interest I heard it to the the conclusion. I only wish to call to your remembrance one circumstance that you have, perhaps, forgotten: I had a well-beloved friend in that Carmelite convent—Marie.

"And that very day, I had learned the death of the Chevalier of Rieux, cousin of Marie, killed in a duel, under a street-lamp, ten paces outside the Opera. And the Chevalier's name was Henri. I was on the spot where, the day before, my beloved Marie knelt in her agony of sorrow. 'My daughter,' said the Archbishop to me, after a pause, 'there is a phrase in our theological language, which the world ridicules, because it does not comprehend. I refer to the "Grace of condition." After the history you have just heard, you must understand the thought that lies beneath these words. Every condition of life has its own "grace" in the Christian hierarchy. Even as each function has its own character. The wife belongs to her husband by a sacred vow, even as the nun belongs to her convent. Unless under circumstances of peculiar misery, to place the cloister between man and wife, is an act, less scandalous certainly than, but equally evil with, the opening a breach for the nun's escape. Both conditions are sanctioned by God! The wretched woman of yesterday, was culpable. You, thank heaven! are as yet, only sick and suffering. I shall do to-day that which I did yesterday, although to-day my road lies into the world, and I turn my back on that of yesterday, which tended away from it. It is nevertheless always the straight path of Sacred Writ, which saith: "Render unto God only that which is God's, and to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." You belong to your double duty of wife and mother. I will give you back to your duty!'

"He did in truth, for me, Denis, that which he had done for poor Marie; he led me to my husband's house—into the room where we now are. The Prince had not yet returned; we found the letter in which I had written such adieux of folly, untouched; it was destroyed,—and during more than fifteen years, Denis, I have been the happiest of wives, the happiest of mothers!"

"The Princess, as she concluded with these words, looked at the clock; it had just struck one.

"'This is exactly the hour for these sort of expeditions,' said she with a charming smile,—'Germain!'

"Germain appeared. 'The carriage,' said the Princess.

"'But a—' I began.

"'Are you going to resist, Denis?' asked she slightly contracting her brows.

"'Heaven forbid, madame!—but you see—a—'

Her eyes following mine, fell upon my gallant costume.

"'You are right,' cried she smiling, 'all our three adventures were of the Opera, and I alone was not disguised. Where did you leave your gown, Denis?'

"'At Féraud's, in Dauphin street, madame.'

"'Come, then,—Germain! Dauphin street, Féraud's.'

"M. Féraud must needs rise and open. The Princess would have had his shop about his ears else. I made a second toilet before that philosophic mirror, and once more entered the carriage. The Archbishop was still up.

"'Monseigneur,' said the Princess to him, 'here is Denis, whom I enticed away, because my son and husband were both absent, and I felt lonely. He talks well—this child!' Heaven knows what amount of 'talking well' I had done with the Princess!

"I entered the little back cabinet, where my bed was, with a sensation of ecstacy. The great MSS. of the 'Instructions,' even, looked pleasant to me. While I was undressing I heard through the door-crack, the Princess say, 'The heart is excellent, but the head a little hot; Monseigneur knows perfectly what is needed for those characters!'

"I copied the four great volumes in their original orthography; and, by God's assistance, I have never been to the opera since!"

[From the Atlantic Monthly for June]

THE GRANADAN GIRL'S SONG.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

All day the lime blows in the sun,
All day the silver aspens quiver,
All day along the far blue plain
Winds serpent-like the golden river,
From clustering flower and myrtle bower
Sweet sounds arise forever,
From gleaming tower with crescent dower
Our banner floats forever.

Its purple bloom the grape puts on,
Pulping to this Granadan Summer,
And heavy dews shake through the globes
Scarce stirred by some bright-winged new-comer,
On yon brown hill, where all is still,
Where lightly rides the muleteer,
With jangling bells, whose burden swells
Till shaft and arch rise fine and clear

As one by one the shadows creep
Back to their lairs in hilly hollows,
A broader splendor issues forth
And on their track in silence follows;
A fuller air swims everywhere,
A freer murmur shakes the bough,
A thousand fires surprise the spires,
And all the city wakes below.

What morn shall rise, what cursed morn,
To find this bright pomp all surrendered,
These palaces an empty shell,
This vigor listless ruin rendered,
While every sprite of its delight
Mocks fickle echoes through the court,
And in our place a sculptured trace
Saddens some stranger's careless sport!

O, gay with all the stately stir,
And bending to your silken flowing,
One day, my banner-poles, ye creak
Naked beneath the high winds blowing!
One day ye fall across the wall
And moulder in the moat's green bosom,
While in the cleft the wild tree left
Bursts into spikes of cruel blossom!

Ah, never dawn that day for me!
O Fate, its fierce foreboding banish!
When all our hosts, like pallid ghosts
Blown on by morning, melt and vanish!
O, in the fires of their desires
Consume the toil of those invaders!
And let the brand divide the hand
That grasps the hilt of the Crusaders!

Yet idle words in such a scene!
You rosy mists on high careering,
The Moorish cavaliers who fleet
With hawk and hound and distant cheering,
The dipping sail puffed to the gale,
The prow that spurns the billows fawning,
How can they fade to dimmer shade,
And how this day desert its dawning?

Forget to soar, thou rosy rack!
Ye riders, bronze your airy motion!
Still skim the seas, so snowy craft,
Forever sail to meet the ocean!
There bid the tide refuse to slide,
Glassing, below, thy drooping pinion,
Forever cease its wild caprice,
Fallen at the feet of our dominion!

— Messrs. Chinnock and Galsworthy, auctioneers, 11 Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London, advertise for sale, on the 18th of June, a very extensive and valuable Historical Collection of more than 30,000 original MSS. and Autograph Letters, with 10,000 portraits and crests of the writers, arranged chronologically, in more than 100 folio volumes of 200 pages each, elegantly bound. Each volume will be sold separately, being complete as a collection of about 300, with many portraits. In British history they commence with the very rare ones of the Cardinal Beaufort, Duke of Gloucester, Richard III., and all the kings and queens down to Victoria. Also very valuable Shakespearian parchment deeds, relics, etc., including the magnificent Garrick vase, made from the mulberry-tree that Shakspeare planted in his garden at Stratford-on-Avon in 1602. In American history the first President, General Washington, down to President Fillmore. In French history, Louis XI to Louis Napoleon. This collection is very rich in those who were the most prominent during the Revolution of 1789 and the reign of the Great Napoleon, including many hundreds of his own letters and papers, and those of all his family. There are also a great many Austrian, Bohemian, Danish, Egyptian, Prussian, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and other documents. Four cabinets, containing a set of about 300 French Assignats, about 1500 medals and coins in gold, silver, and bronze, from a large to the smallest size, many very rare; a choice and unique collection of 15 various equestrian and other Napoleon bronzes, from the periods 1792 to 1815; marble busts of Napoleon, by Canova and Chaudet; also miniatures of Napoleon, by Isabey and other eminent artists, enamels, paintings, and fine portraits of Napoleon by L. David Moliere by Mignard, Shakspeare by Simon Vouet, and Milton by James Houseman; also books, relics, and curiosities, with the key of its front gate entrance of the Bastile, certified by J. S. Bailly, Mayor of Paris, and dated Sept. 4, 1790, to M. Palloy; the other key of the Bastile was taken from Paris to America, by General Lafayette, who presented it to General Washington; it is deposited in his late residence at Mount Vernon. This key is fastened to the centre-stone of the late prison's gateway, which is 24in. by 18in.; with the inscription deeply cut as follows: 'Cette Pierre vient des cachots de la Bastile donne a M. Moreau St. Mery, President des Electeurs, 1789, par le Patriotte Palloy, L.A.N. 4e.' It is in a heavy carved frame, and looks to be, as it is, an ancient, invaluable, and important historical memento of the Bastile. Also 29 lines written by the Man with the Iron Mask on the leaf of a book. This remarkable document was found under the floor of the writer's cell in the Bastile, where it had been secreted by M. Palloy when the ruins of this appalling place of torment were being removed. This great historical collection, of which the above is only a slight outline, has taken 40 years of the most assiduous labor of the proprietor to form, and is altogether unique.

— A Paris correspondent says: 'Sauvageot is dead—he who served Balzac as type for the Cousin Pons. This wonderful man, who for more than sixty years, upon the meagre pittance of violoncello-player in the orchestra of a second-rate theatre of Paris, had contrived to form a collection of curiosities of every kind, valued at more than 600,000f., has bequeathed this unrivalled museum to the country, upon condition that the collection shall never be dispersed, and that it shall be handed down to postegity as the Musee Sauvageot. For the last few years of his life he enjoyed the title of conservator of this museum in the Palace of the Louvre, where a reserved suite of apartments had been allotted to its exhibition, to which the favored few alone were admitted. The museum is thought to be the most wonderful collection of general curiosities in the whole world, and displays, as most curious of all, the patience and industry of the man who, upon a salary of sixty pounds a-year, has managed to heap together a treasure intrinsically worth £24,000, with which to endow his country.

— A German translation of "John Halifax, Gentleman," forms the 1104-6th volumes, just published, of 'Europaische, Bibliothek der neuen belletristischen Litteratur.'

— The Surtees Society (so named from the historian of Durham), one of the most active of the local publishing societies in England, which answer in some respects to our State Historical Societies, has recently brought out, edited by the Rev. J. Rairie, 'The Fabric Rolls of York Cathedral,' a minute record of the progress of erection of that building. They are full of interest to the lovers of Gothic architecture, and elucidate many points of Art-history. A curious fact is, that no trace of one governing mind, answering to our modern architect, is visible; the Master Masons, who were engaged by the Chapter, were the responsible persons, but it is still a mystery from whence originated the glorious design.

— The second volume of Dr. Wm. Bell's 'Shakspeare's Puck and his Folk-lore,' completing the work, is in press, and will appear immediately. It will contain an appendix of proofs of Shakspeare's residence in Germany.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending May 19, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS

Unitarianism Defined. The Scriptural Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A course of Lectures by Frederick A. Farley, D.D. Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y. 12mo. pp. 272. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Notes on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to Philemon, as a basis of a Revision of the Common English Version, and a Revised Edition, with Notes. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D. Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. 25 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Sermons. By J. A. Alexander, D.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 820, with a Portrait on steel, $2 50. New York: Carlton.

Sermons preached in St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University. By Adam S. Farrar, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S. 12mo. Cloth. 75 cents. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Elements of Popular Theology, with special reference to the Doctrines of the Reformation as avowed before the Diet of Augsburg in 1530. Designed chiefly for private Christians and Theological Students. By S. S. Schmucker, D.D. Ninth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 12mo. cloth. $1. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. By Martin Luther. To which is prefixed Dr. Pope's Life of Luther abridged, a short sketch of the Life of Zwingle, as also a Discourse on the German Reformation. By S. S. Schmucker, D.D. Small 8vo. cloth. $1 25. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL

The Life of William H. Seward. By a Jeffersonian Republican. 12mo. Limp. With a steel portrait. 50 cents. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

Life of Parker Cleaveland, LL.D. By Leonard Woods, D.D. 8vo. Brunswick, Me.: Joseph Griffin.

NOVELS

Selling Lucky. Fourth volume of stories of Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. 16mo. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Katherine Morton. An Autobiography. By the author of Step by Step, Here and Hereafter. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

POETRY.

Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. 12mo. pp. 446. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Year 85 of the States.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Illustrations of Scripture, illustrated by a Tour through the Holy Land. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. New and Revised Edition. 12mo. pp. 352. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MEDICAL

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Sexual System. By Edward H. Dixon, M.D., Editor of The Scalpel. Ninth edition, with four new chapters. 12mo. pp. 284. $1. New York: H. G. Lawrence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Norton's Hand Book to Europe. A Full and Complete Guide, with directions and information as to Passports, Expenses, Hotels, Railways, Steamers, Places of Interest, etc., etc., in all parts of Europe, including the Mediterranean, Egypt and Morocco. Illustrated with a new Railway Map, prepared from the Best Sources. $1 50. New York: J. B. Norton.

The Full History of the Lemmon Slave Case, from its Origin to its Final Decision in the Court of Appeals, containing the opinion of Judge Paine, before whom the case was first heard, the opinion of the Supreme Court, the points and arguments of Charles O'Conor, William M. Evarts, and Joseph Blunt, in the Court of Appeals and the opinions of Judges Denio, Wright, and Clerke. 25 cents. New York: Horace Greeley & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS

Select Letters and Sermons of the Rev. William Morley Punshon, Member of the Wesleyan Conference, England. With an Introduction by Rev. George C. Robinson, A.M., Pastor of Union Chapel, Cincinnati. 12mo. $1. Cincinnati: C. Moore.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS.

A Compendium of Biblical Criticism on the Canonical Books of the Holy Scriptures. By Frederick Sargent. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: Longman.

Christ in Life: Life in Christ. By J. C. M. Bellew. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Whole Doctrine of Calvin about the Sabbath and the Lord's Day. Extracted from his Commentaries, Catechism, and Institution, by Robert Cox, F.S.A. Scot. With an Appendix containing the Opinions of Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, Beza, Cranmer, and Knox. 8vo. pp. 92. 1s. 6d. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Alpha and Omega: a Series of Scripture Studies, forming a History of the Past Events and Characters in Scripture. By George Gilfillan, author of The Bards of the Bible, etc. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 8vo. 1s. 6d. London: John W. Parker & Son.

The Curates of Riversdale. Recollections in the Life of a Clergyman. Written by Himself. Dedicated to the Duke of Manchester. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

A New Catena on St. Paul's Epistles. A Practical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul, in which are exhibited the Results of the most Learned Theological Criticisms, from the Age of the Early Fathers down to the Present Time. Edited by the Rev. Henry Newland, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Ipsden, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter. 8vo. 10s. 6d. London: J. H. & James Parker.

The Denominational Reason Why. Giving the Reasons Assigned by the various Religious Bodies for the Distinctive Tenets of their Faith, and for Peculiarities in their Rites and Ceremonies. Illustrated by numerous engravings, consisting of Portraits, Religious Costumes, Rites, and Places interesting in the History of the various Sects. 3s. 6d. London: Houlston & Wright.

BIOGRAPHICAL

Domestic Memoirs of the Royal Family, and of the Court of England. By Folkestone Williams, F.R.G.S., etc. 3 vols., with fine Portraits. 31s. 6d. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. With a Prefatory Essay, including Extracts from his Correspondence with Washington Irving and other Friends. By Tom Taylor, Esq. With a Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 12mo.

A New Work by Samuel Smiles, author of Self Help, and The Life of George Stephenson.

Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa. By the Rev. Dr. J. Louis Krapf. 1 vol. 12mo.

Poems. By William Allingham. Blue and Gold. New and complete edition, revised by the author.

The Complete Poetical and Prose Works of Walter Savage Landor. Collected and arranged by the author. Library edition.

SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Fleming's Vocabulary of Philosophy. Edited by Charles P. Krauth, D.D. 12mo, cloth.

Hengstenberg on Ecclesiastes, and other Treatises. Translated from the German. 8vo. cloth.

WEBB & LOVERING, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The History of the Protestant Reformation in Germany, and Switzerland, and in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, and Northern Europe. In a Series of Essays, reviewing D'Aubigne, Menzel, Hallam, Bishop Short, McCrie, Prescott, Ranke, Fryxell, and others. In 2 vols. small 12mo. of about 500 pages each. By M. J. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Louisville, Ky. $2 50. (To be published the 1st of June.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS

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For the week ending Saturday, May 19, 1860.

Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. 12mo. pp. 456. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Year 85 of the States. 1860-61.

Unitarianism Defined. The Scripture Doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A Course of Lectures by Frederick A. Farley, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N.Y. 12mo. pp. 272. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

Outlines of the First Course of Yale Agricultural Lectures. By Henry J. Olcott. With an Introduction by John A. Porter, Professor of Organic Chemistry at Yale College. 12mo, paper, pp. 186. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. 1860.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. 12mo. pp. 183. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

Illustrations of Scripture, suggested by a Tour through the Holy Land. By Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. New and Revised edition. 12mo. pp. 352. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Unity in Variety, as deduced from the Vegetable Kingdom. By Christopher Dresser, Ph.D., author of Rudiments of Botany, Lecturer on Botany, and Master of the Botanical Drawing Classes in the Department of Science and Art, South Kensington Museum. Being an attempt at Developing that Oneness which is discoverable in the Habits, Mode of Growth, and Principle of Construction of all Plants. With 300 engravings on wood. 10s. 6d. London: J. S. Virtue.

Philological, Ethnographical, and other Essays. By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S., etc., etc. 8vo. 10s 6d. London: Williams & Norgate.

Illustrations of the Various Forces of Matter, and their Relations to Each Other. Being a Course of Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution, by Professor Faraday, D.C.L. Reported and Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S., with numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 2s 6d. London: Richard Griffin & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Origin and History of Language. By Wm. Farrar.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope.

The Ironsides. A Tale of the English Commonwealth.

Gilfillan's Alpha and Omega; or, a Series of Scripture Studies.

Lyra Domestica.

Trench's Sermons in Westminster Abbey.

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Lessie's Personal Reminiscences. By Tom Taylor.

Jasmond's Autobiography.

Professor Faraday's Lectures on Forces of Matter.

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M. DOOLADY, NEW YORK.

Sir Emerson Tennant's Ceylon.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter. A Tale of Religious Persecution. By Mrs. S. Rochester Ford, of Louisville. 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.

St. Paul's to St. Sophia. A Series of Sketches by R. C. McCormick, author of The War in the Crimea. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.

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Dunesbury House. By Mrs. Henry Wood.

The Queens of Society.

Castle Richmond. By Anthony Trollope.

Cyclopædia of Sacred Literature. A Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. By the Rev. John McClintock, D.D., LL.D., President of Troy University, N.Y., and James Strong, S.T.D., Professor of Biblical Literature, in Troy University.

Right at Last. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of Mary Barton.

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

Thirty Years out of the Senate. By Jack Downing.

The Actress in High Life.

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Jack Hopeton and his Friends. By a Georgian.

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Methodism Successful, and the Causes of its Success. By B. F. Tefft, D.D.

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Popular Physics; or, an Introductory Course of Natural Philosophy. From the French of M. Ganot, by W. G. Peck. With Illustrations. $1.

New Edition of Class Book of Botany. By Prof. Alphonzo Wood.

University Geography and Atlas. By D. H. Cochrane, of N.Y. State Normal School, and A. Von Steinwehr. Political, Mathematical and Physical Geography combined. With Maps and Illustrations.

Political Manual, embracing a Complete View of the Theory and Practice of the General and State Governments. By Edward D. Mansfield.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. With a Prefatory Essay, including Extracts from his Correspondence with Washington Irving and other Friends. By Tom Taylor, Esq. With a Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 12mo.

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Contents of Magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly, for June, contains: The Future of American Railways, by Thomas C. Clarke, C.E.; In a Fog, by E. H. House; The Grammarian's Song, by the author of The Amber Gods, Sir Rohan's Ghost, etc.; The Humming Bird; Spring Song, by Aubrey de Vere, London; Chess, by M. D. Conway, Cincinnati; Model Lodging Houses in Boston, by Charles E. Norton; A Short Campaign on the Hudson, by F. Sheldon; Thine, by Florence Percy; The Representative Art, by Adam Badeau; Roba di Roma; The Evil Eye, etc., by W. W. Story; Pythagoras, by T. B. Aldrich; Hiram's Picture, by Edward Spencer Jaques, by E. H. House; The Vineyard Saint, by Bayard Taylor; The Professor's Story; The Sphinx's Children, by Miss Rose Terry; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Harper's Monthly, for June, contains: A Summer in New England.—I., New Bedford, illustrated, by Porte Crayon; One Year Ago, by C. C. Cox; Ancient Monuments in the United States, No. II., by E. G. Squier, illustrated; Insects Belonging to the Cotton Plant, by Mrs. Taylor; The Century Plant, by F. H. Ludlow; Sullivan's Island,—a Ballad of South Carolina, by Thomas Dunn English, M.D.; Fresh, by George Arnold; The First Overland Trip to California, by J. D. Whelpley, M.D.; "He was always such a Fool"; Lovel the Widower, by W. M. Thackeray, Chapter V., illustrated; "Miserable Man that I am," by Rose Terry; Only Words; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Phrenological Examinations, illustrated; Fashions for June, illustrated.

Blackwood's Magazine, for May, 1860, contains: War and Progress in China; Munich and its School of Christian Art; Captain Speke's Adventures in Somali Land; Medieval Puzzles; Elizabeth Canning; Wellington's Career, part II.; The Mill on the Floss; Narcissus; The Snowdrops; A Feuilleton; Switzerland and French Annexation.

Bentley's Miscellany, for May, contains: Orvingdean Grange, a Tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Part VII.; Outremanche Correspondence, No. IV.; Pictures, Books, and Music; The French Embassy in China; Marshal Peisseur; Duke of Malakoff; Gurney, or Two Fortunes, a Tale of the Times, by Dudley Costello, chapters XXXI. and XXXII.; Stream Sounds, by Monkshood, part II.; How One Fire Lit Another, or The Mischief Done by my Photograph, by Ouida, chapter IV. and V.; A Lay of St. Stephen's; The Duke of Orleans and the Chancellor Pagnesau; Condemned to Death, by Nicholas Machell; The Story of Francesco Novello da Carrara, part VI.

The Cornhill Magazine, for May, contains: Framley Parsonage, chapters XIII., XIV., XV.; Campaigning in China; Little Scholars; The Carver's Lesson; William Hogarth; Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher, Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time; Written in the Deepdene Album, by Washington Irving; Lovel the Widower, with an Illustration, chapter V.; Studies in Animal Life; Paterfamilias to the Editor of The Cornhill Magazine; The Outcast Mother, by F. J. Brunte; The Portent, I.—Its Legend, with an Illustration; Roundabout Papers, No. 3, on Ribbons.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, for May, contains: Toulon; a War Port; The Belles of the Island; a Colonial Sketch, by Mrs. Bushby; The Thirty Years' War; Little Grand and the Marchioness, or Our Maltese Peerage, part I.; A Holiday Tour in Spain, by a Physician; Life Assurance; Our Golden Empire; The Jews on the Continent; Nightingale Notes, by Sir Nathaniel; General Sir Robert Wilson's Russian Journal; Infinitude, by W. Charles Kent; East Lynne, by the author of Ashley, part V.; The Policy of Annexation.

Fraser's Magazine, for May, contains: Compromise: the Terms on which Everybody Surrenders, by G. J. Whyte Melville; Gryll Grange, by the author of Headlong Hall, chapters VI. to XI.; Ceylon, by T. Harlin; The Finding of Christ in the Temple, by Mr. Holman Hunt; Concerning the Dignity of Dulness, by A. K. H. B.; On Certain Aspects of Toleration, by Shirley; The Latest Translator of Horace; Wheat and Tares, a Tale, chapter XIII. Very Successful, chapter XIV. The Westborough Bachelors, chapter XV. Apex; Phrenology and Psychology, by Alexander Bain; The Late Prize Fight; The Life and Writings of Madame Swetchine; Mr. Collier's Reply.

The North British Review, No. LXIV., for May, contains: Redding's Reminiscences—Thomas Campbell; Quakerism, Past and Present; Sir Henry Laurence; Australian Ethnology; Heine's Poems; Church and State—The Spiritual and the Civil Courts; Origin of Species; The British Lighthouse System; The State of Europe; Recent Publications.

Macmillan's Magazine, for May, contains: Three Views of Current Literature, by the Editor; Annals of an Industrial School, by the Dean of Ely; The Cambridge University Boat of 1859, by G. O. Trevelyan, Trinity College Camb.; Loch-na-Dombair; the Lake of the Secret; a Highland Flight, by George Cupples; Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture; The Finding of Christ in the Temple; Our Father's Business, lines suggested by Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman; Spiritualistic Materialism—Michelet, by J. M. Ludlow; Tom Brown at Oxford, chapters 17 and 18, by the author of Tom Brown's School Days; The Papal Excommunication, a dialogue; The Fusileers' Dog, by Sir Francis Doyle, Bart.; The Question of the Age: Is it Peace? by J. E. Cliffe Leslie.

The Quarterly Review, No. CCXIV., for May, contains: Laborers' Cottages; British and Continental Nobility; Madame Recamier; The Bar of Philadelphia; Notes on Nursing; Fox Hunting; Recollections of C. R. Leslie, R.A.; The Budget and the Reform Bill.

The Universal Review, for May, contains: Chili; Notes on Names and Nicknames, by Dr. Doran, F.R.S.; Sir Everard's Daughter; Unfairly Played and Fairly Won, by John Cordy Jeaffreson; Amateur Financiers; Krilof and the Russian Fabulists, by H. S. Edwards; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Dark Sayings and their Interpretation; Mr. Darwin.

— The complete correspondence of Buffon, including many of his hitherto unpublished letters, has been published in Paris in two volumes, edited by Mr. Henri Nadault de Buffon, great-grand nephew of the eminent naturalist.

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SPRING CLOTHING,
both for men and boys, is now ready, and in great variety; notwithstanding the well known superiority of our make and style, we are prepared to sell at the lowest figures in the trade.
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PHOTOGRAPHS,
AMBROTYPES, IVORYTYPES, AND DAGUERREOTYPES.
643 Broadway, corner Bleecker street.

Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship CITY OF WASHINGTON, for Liverpool, Saturday, May 19th, will close at 10 o'clock, A. M.

GRAY'S FASHIONABLE FURNISHING BAZAAR
And Glove Depot.
LEWIS & SEACORD,
655 Broadway, Stuyvesant Institute, New York.
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS of every description. *SHIRTS* and *COLLARS* made to order by complete measurement, careful cutting, best needlework, and no sale if not to please.
T. M. LEWIS. DANIEL F. SEACORD.

[ESTABLISHED 1815.]
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GO TO PFAFF'S!—At Pfaff's Restaurant and Lager Beer Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Viands, the best Lager Beer, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Wines and Liquors, the best Havana Cigars,—in fine, the best of everything, *at Moderate Prices.*
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To Ladies and Housekeepers.—A New and Improved RANGE for ROASTING, BAKING, and BROILING,—to be seen at 385 CANAL STREET,
Three doors from Broadway, East side.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1860.

THE LITERARY FUNGUS.

Sir James Prior, M.R.I.A., F.S.A., has written a life of Edmond Malone. Sir James Prior, M.R.I.A., F.S.A., did the same injury before, to Burke and to Goldsmith. It seemed to us, at the time, a very sad thing that Sir James Prior should have written a Life of Goldsmith. But we do not complain. No one reads it now. It was supplanted by Irving's, which in its turn gave way to John Forster's, which now enjoys the enviable position of being considered by 'The Trade' the best Life of the most genial humorist of England, whose saddest misfortune is to have fallen into the hands of such biographers. The literary fungus serves the same purpose in the world of letters, that his prototype does in the vegetable world. He does not injure a genuine, sincere man. The oak in its majesty, appears more grandly venerable for the parasites that hang upon its branches. They cannot injure or constrain its vitality; their true service to the world is to gather around and consume the fallen and decaying trunk, and convert it and themselves into a loam, fit for the growth of a newer and better vegetation. From this point of view we are glad to see that Sir James Prior, M.R.I.A., F.S.A., has written 476 pages, which contain 'The Life of Mr. Edmond Malone, Editor of Shakspeare, with Selections from his Manuscript Anecdotes.' What Meriam is to science, Mr. Edmond Malone was to Shakspeare. As long as he confined himself to the task of collecting facts for other people to use, he was a very valuable man; as valuable a man as the workman who quarries the stone which the architect shall use. But unfortunately for himself, Mr. Malone was not contented with this modest position; he imagined himself a commentator, and succeeded as well as our workmen have who imagined themselves architects; or as Mr. Meriam does when he imagines himself a philosopher. We cannot, however, complain of Mr. Malone; his enemy and rival commentator, Mr. Steevens, could not have wished him a worse fate than to have fallen into the hands of Sir James Prior, M.R.I.A., F.S.A. And we take it, all real lovers of Shakspeare will be well contented to leave him there. But there is a word we do wish to say: It is a real misfortune to the world of letters, when the records of an earnest man or woman's life fall into the hands of a person who is wholly unable to comprehend them, and who by suppression, by inuendoes, or assertion, forces us to look at the character he has assumed the guardianship of, only through the medium of his own narrow-minded prejudices. If it were not for Boswell, we would have been thus situated with regard to Goldsmith. Mrs. Gaskell has done her best to thus injure our view of Miss Brontë. It is not owing to his biographers that a correct estimation of Washington is in this age possible. Think of the Father of his Country appearing as the clean-shaved, smooth-spoken, and respectable Boston gentleman, which Mr. Everett represents him, or as the pious Sunday schoolboy and moral milk-sop whom Mr. Irving would hold up as an example to irrepressible Young America. Think of Mr. Irving himself fallen into the hands of that student of Addison, George S. Hillard, and made to serve as a measure of the social virtues of 'Mr. Benjamin Loring;' or eulogized by Mr. Bryant, who thinks himself competent to the task, because a long time ago he wrote 'Thanatopsis.' And, saddest of all, mourn for Choate's memory in the hands of Parker;—as unhappy a fate for the brilliant lawyer, as that which the two Chief Justices of Massachusetts—Story and Parsons—suffered at the hands of their own descendants.

Do these men ever think of their own mortality, and the inevitable time when the record of their lives shall be committed to the tender mercies of injudicious friends?

In the long course of time, the great man, in whatever way he may assert himself, obtains his right position. In fact, the distinguishing mark of greatness is a serene composure, a self-reliance which strives to preserve its dignity regardless of public opinion, and treats with deserved contempt this itching for notoriety, which seeks to connect itself with any dead great man's name.

WALT WHITMAN.

Leaves of Grass.*

We announce a great Philosopher—perhaps a great Poet—in every way an original man. It is Walt Whitman. The proof of his greatness is in his book; and there is proof enough.

The intellectual attitude expressed in these 'Leaves of Grass,' is grand with the grandeur of independent strength, and beautiful with the beauty of serene repose. It is the attitude of a proud, noble, vigorous life. A human heart is here in these pages—large, wild, comprehensive—beating with all throbs of passion—enjoying all of bliss—suffering all of sorrow that is possible to humanity. "This is no book," it says; "whoever touches this, touches a man." It is the electrical contact of a great nature.

—"No dainty dolce affettuoso I;
Bearded, sunburnt, gray-necked, forbidding, I have arrived,
To be wrestled with as I pass, for *the solid prizes of the universe,*
For such I afford whoever can persevere to win them. . .
I, exultant, will now shake out carols stronger and haughtier than have ever yet been heard upon the earth. . .
And I will not sing with reference to a day, but with reference to all days,
And I will not make a poem, nor the least part of a poem, but has reference to the soul,
Because, having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, nor any particle of one, but has reference to the soul.
I pass death with the dying, and birth with the new-washed babe, and am not contained between my hat and my boots. . .
I exist as I am—that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content,
And if each and all be aware, I sit content. . .
I am the poet of the body
And I am the poet of the soul.
The pleasures of heaven are with me, and the pains of hell are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself—the latter I translate into a new tongue.
I know perfectly well my own egotism.
I am an acme of things accomplished and I am an encloser of things to be."

Such is the intellectual attitude of the 'Leaves of Grass'; such the position and purpose of their author. To accept everything as liberally as Nature accepts everything; to rightly appreciate all laws and all things, each thing in its place; to realize, reflect, and reproduce the emotions of every heart and the experiences of every person; to recognize and assert the universal harmony of creation; to know the beautiful union of Body and Soul in the individual, sublime in the present, and with a sublime destiny for the future; to repose in the certainty of infinite development and progression; to assert the individual above all things, knowing that 'nothing endures but personal quality;' to express for all mankind what all mankind feel without the power of expressing; to live the comprehensive life of the Philosopher, of the Poet, broad and vigorous, all lives in one,—reaching up into heaven, reaching down into hell, stretching backward over all the Past to gather up its results, throbbing with all the vital activity of the Present, making the Future glorious with more than hope,—this is the aim and the mission of Walt Whitman, this the felicity of his life as expressed in his poems. No man could utter himself more fully and truly. No book exists anywhere more beautifully in earnest than this. To the intelligent, sympathetic mind, none can explain itself with keener accuracy.

—"I will make the poems of materials, for I think they are to be the most spiritual poems,
And I will make the poems of my body and of mortality,
For I think I shall then supply myself with the poems of my Soul and of immortality.
I will acknowledge contemporary lands,
I will treat the whole geography of the globe, and salute courteously every city large and small;
And employments! I will put in my poems, that with you is heroism, upon land and sea.
And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me—For I am determined to tell you with courageous clear voice, to prove you illustrious.
Omnes! Omnes!
Let others ignore what they may,
I make the poem of evil also—I commemorate that part also,
I am myself just as much evil as good—And I say there is in fact no evil,
Or if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the earth, or to me, as anything else.
I too, following many, and following no one, will inaugurate a Religion. . .
I will effuse egotism, and show it underlying all—And I will be the bard of Personality;
And I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other,
And I will show that there is no imperfection in male or female, or in the earth, or in the present—and can be none in the future,
And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results—And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death;
And I will thread a thread through my poems that no one thing in the universe is inferior to another thing,
And that all the things of the universe are perfect miracles, each as perfect as any. . .
These are the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands—they are not original with me,
If they are not yours as much as mine, they are nothing, or next to nothing."

The leading idea in the philosophy of the 'Leaves of Grass' is the idea of grandeur and supremacy in the Individual. It asserts that there is nothing more divine than the human soul, and impels to a knowledge of living motive behind each thing and every action. It will have the singer and not the psalm, the preacher and not the script he preaches. It will not ignore the Body, but asserts its beauty and the divine harmony of Body and Soul.

—"I believe in you, my Soul—the other I am must not abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other. . .
Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man hearty and clean,
Not an inch, nor a particle of an inch, is vile, and none shall be less familiar than the rest. . .
I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, and feeling are miracles, and each tag and part of me is a miracle:—

It finds all things embraced and comprehended in the individual, to whom indeed the universe belongs and who belongs to the universe. It recognizes the common brotherhood of mankind, and the same human nature repeated in every person. Its aspiration is for a noble race of human creatures, healthy and beautiful, living delightfully, in sympathy with Nature, their perfect lives in a perfect world.

Perhaps the scope and significance of Walt Whitman's poetry may be more clearly indicated by contrasting its character with that of the poetry ordinarily accepted and popular at the present time. The latter is rhymed and measured. It is sometimes powerful with passion and sometimes stately with thought. It is generally sweet and graceful—expressing mild and monotonous sentiments in a thousand respectable ways. It is gay for a feast and sorry for a funeral. It is sweet as to Spring-time, and thoughtful as to sober Autumn days. It rhymes 'kisses' with 'blisses,' and expresses its writer's willingness to partake of the same. It mourns persistently for dead infants, for those who are snatched away in beauty's bloom, and for blighted blossoms generally. It has an amatory tendency, of a sentimental description, and wastes a good deal of miscellaneous sweetness. It presents its author as one who desires burial under a sweet-apple tree, and will not have a decent graveyard on any terms; it affects to ignore and despise the human body; it dwells fondly upon the sublime nature and destiny of the soul; and passing smoothly over all that is significant in this actual present life, it hints lugubriously at another and a better world. On the other hand these poems of Walt Whitman concern themselves alike with the largest and with the pettiest topics. They are free as the wandering wind that sweeps over great oceans and inland seas, over the continents of the world, over mountains, forests, rivers, plains, and cities; free as the sunshine are they, and like the sunshine ardent and fierce. Nothing in the creation is too sacred or too distant for the lightning glance of their aspiration; nothing that in any way concerns the souls and the bodies of the human race is too trivial for their comprehension. Everywhere they evince the philosophic mind, deeply seeking, reasoning, feeling its way toward a clear knowledge of the system of the universe.

It seems to us there is much in the following passages to substantiate this view of Walt:

On my way a moment I pause,
Here for you! And here for America!
Still the Present I raise aloft—Still the Future of The States I harbinge, glad and sublime,
And for the Past *I pronounce what the air holds of the red aborigines.* . . .
Stop this day and night with me, and you shall possess the origin of all poems;
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun—there are millions of suns left;
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books. . .
And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers,
And that a kelson of the creation is love. . . .
I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven.
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels,
And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking short-cake."

In this liberal scope of vision and purpose are indicated the insight and the earnestness characteristic of a poetic nature. Other elements of that poetic nature are evident in the vigor of imagination and splendor of imagery which make certain of these poems so truly remarkable. In the 'Salut au Monde'; in the poem called 'A Word Out of the Sea'—which, under the title of 'A Child's Reminiscence,' was printed in this paper last December; in the poem of 'Brooklyn Ferry'; in that of 'Sleep Chasings,' and that of 'Burial';—in these, and in others, such qualities largely and beautifully appear.

Some reflections may properly be submitted here, relative to the form in which Walt Whitman's poems are embodied and expressed. It is a form so rough and rugged—so careless, variable, and peculiar—that perhaps it is very natural the poetry should sometimes degenerate into prose. Something is to be said, however, in defence of this system of versification. It is at least original. The theory would seem to be, as Walt has variously indicated, that always the thought or the passion of the poet should determine itself in natural, congenial expression. It is assumed in this theory, and indeed it is very true, that much of the verse ordinarily written, is written without a sincere motive, and has therefore neither power nor value. It is further assumed that the styles of versification generally accredited and employed are inadequate to the utterance of earnest thought and feeling. Consequently, Walt Whitman, who presents himself as the Poet of the American Republic in the Present Age, who is actuated by a sincere motive, and has earnest thought and feeling

petty attainments, however applauded, as no better than a sleight of hand and eye, so much remains for them to be learned and gained.

A man risks much when he abandons his own past, and the ruts in which he ran so smoothly; he ventures for equal gain when he abandons the practice of mankind.

The Art of any period is nine parts imitation—or convention, as we name it a manner caught by one from another. About all imitative-work, there is a deceptive and easy completeness. It is decorous, harmonious; it offends no sense; it is comme il faut.

The Pre-Raphaelites exaggerate, in their practice, a well-known fact, that in all originality there is at first a certain hardness and awkwardness. A boy can copy a picture when he cannot draw the form. He catches the perfected method (as mere method) of the master, the grand style. It requires courage to leave Milton, Claude, Raphael, behind, and go lonely to render one's own sincere impression. The result is always doubtful. The artist is putting his power to honest and final proof. Now the least excellence is more hopeful and valuable than any grace of imitation.

In a thousand manly efforts which are not quite victories, as in this statue of Clinton, we recognise 'many and rare merits.' We regard the intention, and look to the artist as one who, in following the same path, will achieve at last our first genuine success. In this pusillanimous and mendicant era, when Art seems like to become altogether rhetorical, and like the sophistry of Plato's time, a cookery and flattery; when the gallery and the public square offer alike only this diet of sugarplums, then is merit both rare and grand in the robust determination to render broadly only the noblest truths. If these are so much as suggested to the beholder, a great spirit is manifest, and the artist cannot be said to have failed.

To the question of nude Art, which is also in controversy between Mr. Stillman and the *Transcript*, we shall speak at another time.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

I went on Tuesday night to the Winter Garden, in the hope of making my first reverence to the green-eyed 'Nabucco,' better known by the name of Nebuchadnezzar. To my unspeakable disappointment, the royal grass-widower refused obstinately to leave his clover-field, inviting the public to emulate his own example in promptly 'going to grass. So I sat in the corner, where the sounding brass and thundering cymbals were doing their best to make the prima donna unnecessary, and after the first pang had passed, I forgot my disappointment in the admirable efforts of those precious artists, Stigelli and Inez Fabbri.

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Last week I enjoyed, for the first time, a meeting of the 'Woman's Rights Convention.' In the first instance, I felt much dashed in spirits. The speaker was declaiming, in a monotonous voice, a most logical but dreary speech, on the weary old line of navigation, which consists in enumerating the scriptural and moral reasons why woman is entitled to the same natural rights as man; and how in every department of literature, science, etc.,—the same things in substance, that have been said, and resaid, and said again, year after year, in these conventions. I could not help grieving in my mind that these able women should go on threshing in the same old dry wheat-fields, when so many glorious new harvests are waiting only to be reaped.

I was infinitely relieved when Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose took the floor. A good delivery, a forcible voice, the most uncommon good sense, a delightful terseness of style, and a rare talent for humor, are the qualifications which so well fit this lady for a public speaker. In about two minutes she managed to infect her two-thousand-fold audience with a spirit of interest—an audience which mere dry morals and reason had succeeded in reducing to the comatose state.

If indeed there is anything capable of being treated in a broad comic vein, it is the position in which woman stands towards man, his assumption of her inferiority, etc. The subject is as closely connected with humor as it is with pathos.

But there is one view of the case which none of these women seem to notice, the exceeding great importance that the health and physical condition of women should be more attended to. Half of the cases that occur of ill-treated women, are cases in which the woman is in ill health, for the male above all things most dislikes the sick woman.

Much, nay half of the ill health of women, is the result of their own imprudences. There is a horribly pernicious sentiment prevailing among novel-writers, which always represents the interesting heroine as being fragile, delicate, and unhealthy. This sentiment has found its way into boarding-schools, so that the fat and healthy girls are regarded with an insulting pity, by their dyspeptic companions. My own experience will serve as an instance of what is occurring every day and every minute. When about fourteen years of age, I was what is called in extreme scorn by school misses a hearty girl; a great deal of exercise in the open air, a devotion to running, swimming, climbing, wrestling, etc., rather than to sewing, reading, and worsted-work, had produced in me a physical development, a vigorous health, an exuberant flow of spirits, which is, alas! most rarely found in girls. I ignored sentiment, nerves, and sickness, and the time when most girls are just budding into coquetry, I spent in climbing fig-trees, turning somersaults in the grass, riding unsaddled horses, swimming in the open stream, rowing hideous little boats, and making myself the happy companion of boys. But alas! I had female relatives brought up in the old girl-slaughtering style. They remonstrated with me, threatened me, wept over me, warned me, prayed for me. I was told that it was a sin for a girl of my age, grown as I was, and physically developed, to persist in being a holden, and was unceasingly entreated to become that melancholy thing, a perfect lady. I was told that it was my pious duty never to do anything for myself that I could tease a man into doing. I must become a serious annoyance and a care to the male, before becoming a well-bred female.

I tried my best to become a lady; I drank a glass of vinegar before breakfast to diminish my healthy appetite; I devoured sugarplums with the laudable ambition of acquiring a respectable headache, and lemons in the hope of becoming thin. Everything injurious, in fact, that could be taken into the human stomach, I boldly consumed, with the hope of sickening myself, and I succeeded in diminishing my appetite, but sickness would not come. Then I gave it up in despair, and simply contented myself with bidding good-bye to climbing, wrestling, and shinny-sticks forever. But alas! how deeply I regret it now; I would I had played the holden to the last moment that mental carelessness would allow; nothing in the world I feel would be so good a basis for the toils and pains of female existence.

Women have come to think that ill-health is their birth-right, and so long as they hold that faith they will neither seriously wish for, nor obtain their true rights from those who hold them in bondage. The invalid, perennially child-bearing woman has no strength to struggle against any wrong; it is as much as she can do to keep her sick soul within her worn body. When woman begins to feel that she has a right to physical strength, sound health, good spirits, and to the bearing of no more children than her own constitution and the well-being of her offspring will allow, her other rights will follow fast. For, as a very general thing, the healthful hearty woman is seldom enslaved by man. When you read of those horrible cases of male brutality in our journals, you generally find that the women who are knocked down with fist-irons, whose heads are trodden upon with iron-heeled boots, whose noses are perforated with three-pronged forks, and whose chests are crushed with heavy knees, are gustamily weak women with a half-dozen depressing diseases, and a swarm of scrofulous, miserable, neglected babies, whom the mother is too ill to care for. I find that men are too often like rats, they have an irresistible desire to pick the bones of the sick ones of their race.

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I have been reading a book called 'Rutledge,' evidently by an American woman. It is about thirty-three degrees higher than the ordinary run of novels, for it never loses its interest; every character is distinct; none of those moist characters that run into each other, and the style is really good. It would be worth reading the book, if only for the sake of that inexpressibly sad and touching story of little Essie. This book presents the singular instance of an autobiographical and very important heroine, whose name is not once mentioned in the narrative.

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In my last week's peregrinations I did not neglect the bears, and very nice they are. All the animals in this menagerie have a genuine look; they are none of those milk-drinking, bald-legged animals that my childhood delighted to honor. As for the bears, they are real, cross, aggressive beasts, and marvellously afraid of pain. They say all cruel and tyrannical natures are. When the grey Adams gave one of these colossal creatures a blow on the paw, its howling, and whining, and rolling, and rubbing of the pained member was almost ludicrous. I thought that the bears would not make good prize-fighters, they would mutually succumb at the first punishment, and howl for mercy on the spot. They wouldn't do, I am sure, to stand up against Heenan; his endurance would make the horrid monsters blush.

— Mr. J. W. Watson, favorably known in the literary world as a contributor to *Harper's Monthly* and The Saturday Press, has assumed the editorial charge of *The Week*, a new literary publication, the second number of which makes its appearance to-day, under apparently brilliant auspices.

— Mr. J. W. Bouton, of the house of J. W. Bouton & Co., leaves for Europe, to-day, in the steamer *Washington*, for the purpose of making additions to their valuable stock of rare and curious books, ancient and modern, of which they make a speciality—having one of the largest and most valuable collections of the kind in the city.

Literature Abroad.

— In the report of a recent sale of rare books in London we find the following item:

Hobhouse (Sir J. C.) Imitations and Translations, with Original Poems (by Lord Byron and others). 1809. Lord Byron's copy: It has his autograph alteration (at p. 191) of the last line of the Epitaph on his Dog, from 'I knew but one unchanged,' to 'I never knew but one;' and also a note respecting 'Boatswain,' the Newfoundland Dog, for whom it was written. Sold for £1 13s.

— The Messrs. Nisbet, London, are about to issue 'Letters of Hannah Moore, to Zachary Macaulay, Esq., containing Notices of Lord Macaulay's Youth,' edited and arranged by Arthur Roberts, M.A. Specimens of this correspondence were recently published in Macmillan's Magazine.

— Specimens of 'The Eden Papers' are finding their way into print. Two interesting letters from Edmund Burke to Mr. Eden, then Under-Secretary of State, are given in the *Athenæum*, containing an application for the respite of a criminal condemned through the undue severity of the Jury, to be hung for robbery; and also a letter from General Washington dated at 'Valley Forge, June 15, 1778.' Mr. Eden filled the appointment of Commissioner to America in that year. His brother, Sir Robert Eden, was the last Colonial Governor of Maryland, and Washington alludes very gracefully to their former intimacy.

— Mr. John Forster is continuing his series of monographs on the History of the Commonwealth Times, by his 'Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.' He draws liberally for authority on Sir Symonds D'Ewes's MS. Parliamentary Journal, to which his 'Essay on the Grand Remonstrance' was so much indebted. A new separate edition of the latter work, and also one of the 'Biographical Essays on Defoe, Steele,' etc., with which it was at first conjoined, will be published by Mr. Murray.

— A new instalment of Mr. Froude's 'History of England' is definitely promised for the present season. It will include the period of the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, and carry him about half-way to the execution of his plan, which ends with the death of Elizabeth.

— The writer in the *Athenæum* who watches over the interests of Junius and Pope, and who must not be confounded with the editor, Mr. Hepworth Dixon (to whom the recent defence of Lord Bacon is credited), is extending his investigation to Lady Mary Wortly Montague, and in an article of great research, proves conclusively that the present form of her well-known 'Letters from the East' cannot be the genuine one in which they were first written, and that probability is much against the authenticity of a large portion of the other correspondence attributed to her, and accepted, without scruple, by her descendant, Lord Wharncliffe.

— The first instalment has just appeared at Leipsig of a German translation of Mr. Charles Darwin's work on the Origin of Species. The title of the German version is worth giving, as expressing more fully than that of the original the purport of the book: 'Ueber die Entstehung der Arten im Thier u. Pflanzen-Reich durch natürliche Züchtung od. Erhaltung der vervollkommneten Rassen im Kampfe um's Daseyn.' The translator is Dr. H. G. Brown, and the translation is accompanied by an historical preface by the author, written expressly (it would seem) for the German version.

— April 21st, a collection of pictures belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Brunel, builder of the *Great Eastern*, was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, at their rooms in King street, St. James's. The most important lots were as follows: 193. 'The Niobe,' by Sir A. W. Callcott; 53 gs. 194. 'A Rustic Landscape,' by Sir A. W. Callcott; 118 gs. 206. 'Il n'ya pas de feu sans fumée,' by E. de Poitevin; 75 gs. 212. Rosa Bonheur, 1847, a grand landscape, with group of six Breton oxen at pasture; this very important and beautiful work was painted for the Provisional Government, and was purchased by Mr. Brunel, in Paris, in 1848, for the sum of 4000f. (£160); it was set up at 500 gs., and after a brisk competition was adjudged to Mr. Webb at the high price of £1417 10s. 218. 'A Scene in Holland,' by Sir A. W. Callcott; 260 gs. 215. 'A View on the Rhine, at Cologne;' 125 gs. The following eight pictures were painted expressly for the late Mr. Brunel to decorate his 'Shakspeare Room.' 216. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'—Launce offering his dog Crab to Silvia, Act iv, Scene 4, by Augustus Egg, A.R.A., painted in 1849; 636 gs. 217. 'Launce and his Dog;' scene taken from the same play, by Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A.; 370 gs. 218. A grand Forest Scene, with Jacques and the Stag, by F. R. Lee, R.A., painted in 1850; 135 gs. 219. 'Henry VIII. discovering himself to Cardinal Wolsey at the Ball,' Act i. Scene 4, by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; a perfect work of the great and lamented artist; painted in 1849; 960 gs. 220. 'Queen Catherine and Griffith,' by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; the companion picture, Act iv. Scene 2. For these two celebrated pictures Mr. Brunel paid the artist £800; they now realised more than double their original price; 810 gs. 221. 'The Death of King Lear,' by C. W. Cope, R.A.; a noble work, full of pathos, exhibited at Manchester; 310 gs. 222. A grand Landscape, by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (1859), illustration to Macbeth. This important work was also exhibited at Manchester; put up at 800 gs., and after a keen competition, was adjudged to Mr. Agnew at the high price of £556 10s. 223. 'Titania,' by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.,' the celebrated chef-d'œuvre of the great artist, painted in 1850, and engraved by Cousins. For this great picture Mr. Brunel gave the artist 500 gs. It was put up at 2000 gs., and after the most spirited competition, eventually adjudged to Lord Robert Clinton at the extraordinary price of £3360. Mr. Brunel's collection of pictures realised the large sum of £20000.

BOOKS, ETC.

Leaves of Grass,

Published To-Day, Saturday, May 19th.

WALT WHITMAN'S

Leaves of Grass,

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TO THE PUBLIC.

The strong and electric writings of

Walt Whitman

Are here presented to you by us, in complete form, for the first time. We invite you to read for yourselves, irrespective of the conflicting judgments of the critics.

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We pledge ourselves of the material and execution of this 'Leaves' Poem, with all the belongings of its type, casting, paper, pressework, ink, binding, &c., that it is a 52-specimen of beautiful and honest workmanship, beyond anything of its price ever yet printed, to our knowledge, in the world.

GRATIS.

"Leaves of Grass Imprints," a small brochure, collecting American and European criticisms on the First (1855) and Second (1857) issues of the "Leaves." This brochure is issued by us as a Circular, for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent free to any who wish it, on application, by mail or otherwise.

SENT BY MAIL.

We send the New and Complete "Leaves of Grass" by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price as above.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE,

PUBLISHERS,

114 and 116 Washington Street,

Boston, Mass.

WORCESTER'S

New Quarto Dictionary.

THE GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD.

THE EXECUTIVE PRINTING,

THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS,

THE OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES,

to conform in Orthography to

WORCESTER'S QUARTO,

as will be seen by the following letters and certificates:

Office of the Superintendent of Public Printing, Washington, March 14, 1860.

Gentlemen:

I have long been familiar with Worcester's Dictionary, and have been highly gratified at the appearance of the new and beautiful edition of this valuable work. Its vast vocabulary, the skill of its arrangement, accuracy of orthography, precision of definitions, particularly of technical and scientific terms, its general completeness, and its freedom from political or sectarian bias, render it, in my estimation, the most perfect and authoritative expository of the English language. It gives me pleasure to state that it is the standard authority for the public printing.

Very respectfully,

JOHN HEART, Superintendent.

Messrs. Swan, Brewer, and Tileston.

Clerk's Office, U. S. House of Representatives, March 15, 1860.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary is the standard work of reference in this office, and the system of orthography therein represented is that adopted in the official records and documents of the House of Representatives of the United States.

J. W. FORNEY, Clerk of House of Representatives, U.S.

Office of Congressional Globe, March 19, 1860.

Dear Sir: The Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester seems to excel all others in the fulness of its vocabulary, in precision and compendiousness of definition, and in the extreme nicety of discrimination shown in the treatment of synonymous terms. In orthography it unquestionably represents the prevailing usage of the standard writers both of this country and of England; while, by an ingenious and simple method of notation, and by the respelling of words, when necessary, the proper pronunciation is indicated. No general dictionary has so complete a vocabulary and so exact and satisfactory definitions of terms of art and science.

Such being my opinion of its merits, it gives me pleasure to inform you that with the commencement of a new volume of the Congressional Globe, the system of orthography represented in Worcester's Dictionary will take the place of that heretofore used in the publication of the Debates of Congress.

JOS. MATTINGLY, Foreman Congressional Globe.

Office of the Secretary of the Senate, U. S., March 20, 1860.

The production of this work has laid a claim to the admiration and gratitude of the American people, which those who have been engaged in laborious researches and application of the mind to literary pursuits can best appreciate; and its successful accomplishment in the form which it bears, is a victory deserving of fame more to be estimated than that which springs from the most successful results of war, this being founded upon human destruction and misery, and that fixing a standard by which the ideas of two of the great nations of the world may be expressed and compared, conciliating and adorning their peaceful intercourse, explaining, illustrating, recording, and handing down to future ages, their literature, history, and all their inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences.

W. HICKEY, Chief Clerk, Senate, U. S.

Office Secretary of the U. S. Senate, March 16, 1860.

Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the committee to admit and control the contingent expenses of the Senate, have manifested their appreciation of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, by directing that the Senate Chamber, and all the committee and office rooms of the Senate be furnished with that work.

I am highly gratified at this additional testimonial of the merits of a book, that in my judgment is decidedly the best work of the kind in the English language.

JOHN C. FEMPATRICK, Asst. Clerk, office of Secretary of Senate.

U. S. Patent Office, March 16, 1860.

The new Dictionary of Dr. Worcester combines, in my opinion, more of the requisites of a work of reference than any similar one ever published. The fullness and accuracy of its technical definitions make it of especial value in this office, and this, together with the correctness of its orthography, and

[From the Atlantic Monthly for May.]

THE VINEYARD-SAINT.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

She, pacing down the vineyard walks,
Put back the branches, one by one,
Stripped the dry foliage from the stalks,
And gave their bunches to the sun.

On fairer hill-sides, looking South,
The vines were brown with cankerous rust,
The earth was hot with Summer drouth,
And all the grapes were dim with dust.

Yet here some blessed influence rained
From kinder skies, the season through;
On every bunch the bloom remained,
And every leaf was washed in dew.

I saw her blue eyes, clear and calm;
I saw the aureole of her hair;
I heard her chant some unknown psalm,
In triumph half, and half in prayer.

'Hail, maiden of the vines!' I cried:
'Hail, Oread of the purple hill!
For vineyard-fauns too fair a bride,
For me thy cup of welcome fill!'

'Unlatch the wicket; let me in,
And, sharing, make thy toil more dear:
No riper vintage holds the bin
Than that our feet shall trample here.

'Beneath thy beauty's light I glow,
As in the sun those grapes of thine:
Touch thou my heart with love, and lo!
The foaming must is turned to wine!'

She, pausing, stayed her careful task,
And, lifting eyes of steady ray,
Blew, as a wind the mountain's mask
Of mist, my cloudy words away.

No troubled flush o'erran her cheek;
But when her quiet lips did stir,
My heart knelt down to hear her speak,
And mine the blush I sought in her.

'O, not for me,' she said, 'the vow
So lightly breathed, to break ere long;
The vintage-garland on the brow;
The revels of the dancing throng!

'To maiden-love I shut my heart,
Yet none the less a stainless bride;
I work alone, I dwell apart,
Because my work is sanctified.

'A virgin hand must tend the vine,
By virgin feet the vat be trod,
Whose consecrated gush of wine
Becomes the blessed blood of God!

'No sinful purple here shall stain,
Nor juice profane these grapes afford;
But reverent lips their sweetness drain
Around the table of the Lord.

'The cup I fill, of chaster gold,
Upon the lighted altar stands;
There, when the gates of heaven unfold,
The priest exalts it in his hands.

'The censer yields adoring breath,
The awful anthem sinks and dies,
While God, who suffered life and death,
Renews His ancient sacrifice.

'O sacred garden of the vine!
And blessed she, ordained to press
God's chosen vintage, for the wine
Of pardon and of holiness!'

[From the special Washington Correspondence of the Tribune.]

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The evening was one of exceeding interest. The opportunities for remarking the general appearance and manner of the visitors were very great. Before speaking of such particulars as came within observation, let me give a list of the officers of the delegation, which differs from those which have hitherto been published, by its exact accordance with the pronunciation of the names by the Japanese themselves. It is worth while to present for once, at least—whatever orthography may be finally adopted—the Japanese names as they are uttered by their owners:

1. Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami.
2. Mooragáki Awajsi no-Kami
3. O'goori Bungo no-Kami.
4. Moroota Okatóro.
5. Narooma Gensiro.
6. Taokahára Joógoro.
7. Hitaka Kesaboro.
8. Osakábi Tetsáro.
9. Matsemóto Sanójou.
10. Yósida Sagosaiémon.
11. Námoura Gohajsiro.
12. Masujsu Sintshéro.
13. Soojsee Yosegóro.
14. Kúri Simahicohaj'siro.
15. Susasawa Scojero.
16. Measiki.
17. Moryáma.
18. Tatajesi Tokujsiro.
19. Tatajesi Owajsero.
20. Kowasaki.

The order of the above is strictly according to the order of rank. Numbers 1 and 2 are the first and second Embassadors; No. 3 is the Censor or Adviser; No. 4 is the Officer of the Treasury; No. 5 bears the title of Governor, and is slightly subordinate to the preceding; No. 6 is the next in rank. These are all dignitaries of high position. Nos. 7, 8, 14, and 15 are attendants, or aids, to the Adviser, No. 3; Nos. 9 and 10 are officers belonging to the first and second Embassadors; No. 11 is the Imperial Interpreter; Nos. 12 and 13 are aids to the Treasury officer, No. 4; Nos. 16, 17, and 20, are doctors; Nos. 18 and 19 are interpreters. It will be seen they have the same first name. The family name in Japan always precedes, and No. 19, little 'Tommy,' is the adopted son of No. 18.

The Princes, Simmi, of Boojsen; Mooragaki, of Awajsi; and Ogoori, of Bungo, are of the highest rank that could have been deputed upon this mission. They are the equals in station of the princes who negotiated the first treaty with Commodore Perry, and the subsequent treaties with Mr. Harris. They are not hereditary princes, the Lycoon, or temporal superior, having no power to send the hereditary princes from his dominions. They belong, or have belonged, however, to the Lycoon's Foreign Council of Six. Their titles have only an honorary significance, since they have no share in the Government of the places whose names they bear. Simmi Boojsen no-Kami is now the governing prince of that province in Kin-sin—possibly has never been in it. And so with the rest. Possibly they hold the titles by reason of family connections. The instructions which they bring from their imperial master, a Dutch copy of which has been translated by Mr. Portman, authorizes them to ratify the treaty of Mr. Harris, and to arrange all affairs so as to insure perpetual peace and friendship between the United States and Japan. They are admonished to keep strict watchfulness over the propriety of the subordinate officers, and are finally directed to make provision for the safe return to Japan of any of their countrymen who may hereafter be shipwrecked on the United States coast.

The Princes are of pleasant and intelligent appearance. The First Embassador is a person of middle age, with a countenance indicating dignity beyond all affectation, and the highest refinement. The others are of less distinguished mien, but all thoroughly agreeable in expression. Their manner of dress is very similar. The hair is shaved from all parts of the head excepting the sides and back, from which it is gathered in long bands to the crown, and there fastened with a white string, leaving a lock three or four inches long, which is stiffened with oil, and brought forward to the forehead, where it rests. They wear silk or crape under-coats, of various hues, looser robes of the same material, and mostly blue, being thrown and folded over them. In their belts of crape they wear two swords, one short (the harrikarri sword, which no plebeian can make use of), the other longer. These weapons are of a finer steel than is elsewhere made, and are borne in neatly-wrought scabbards of thick skin, inlaid with ornaments of gold and jewels. Their trowsers are very wide and short, descending only to within five or six inches of the ground, and are made of silk, which is sometimes covered with beautifully embroidered figures of birds and flowers. These trowsers are held up by a flat braid which rests in the small of the back, and around which the crape belt passes. Upon their feet are white cloth coverings, half sock, half gaiter, closely fitting, and fastened by cords. Their sandals are of straw, and are composed of a small flat matting for the foot, and two cords—one passing over the instep, the other between the large toe and its neighbor—which serve to keep it in its place. Another article which may almost be considered an inseparable part of the dress, is the pipe, which is carried in the back part of the belt, and which is brought into very frequent, though not long-sustained, use. Three whiffs are the extent of Japanese indulgence in this luxury. The princes, and most of the higher officers, wear watches purchased from the Dutch. For pockets they use a part of their flowing sleeves and the front of their robes above the belt, the customary occupation of which by goodly-sized packages gives the wearers a protuberance of stomach quite unaccountable at first sight. The dresses of the officers of lower grade are similarly fashioned, but not so rich in texture or color. Their coats are all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they serve. Some of these attendants have adopted leather shoes and slippers, which they found at Honolulu and San Francisco, and are rather favorably disposed to the change. The Japanese have with them, also, certain articles of wearing apparel which they seldom use—hats of straw and lacker, and overcoats made of stout paper, thickly painted, which are quite durable, and which are sold in Japan for about seventeen cents apiece.

Of the courtly and gentle manners of the Japanese Embassadors it is impossible to speak in too high terms. A perfect grace and suavity seems to control not only their own movements, but also those of all who accompany them. It was not over-pleasant to contrast their demeanor with that of a very considerable number of the Americans with whom they came in contact during the last hours of their long voyage. Rough words and coarse allusions concerning them, appeared more rough and coarse from the unvarying delicacy which they showed. We sometimes hear of doubts as to the possibility of interchange of valuable commodities between the United States and Japan. A few of their best informed Turveydrops, to impart to us the secret of their national courtesy, would be an importation which we should find difficulty in reciprocating.

Their intercourse among themselves is always scrupulously polite. When high officers of equal rank approach or take leave of one another, the formal salute is never omitted. In conversing, they take special care to pronounce the entire name and title of the person they address. Their tone is always very moderate, and never rises to dispute. The relations of the inferior officers are different, and are clearly defined. Their obeisance when their princes pass near, or address them, are very profound. This is a point that is never relaxed. Sometimes the subordinates completely prostrate themselves, but even this appears to be accompanied by no sense of humiliation.

The Japanese are amply and elegantly accommodated at Willard's Hotel. The entire lower floor of one wing has been given up to their uses. A suite of rooms, mostly connected with one another, and stretching from Pennsylvania avenue, along Fourteenth street to F street, has been arranged with great care, in a manner supposed to be rightly suited to their tastes. Many of these apartments are newly furnished and covered for this occasion. The walls are thickly decorated with fine engravings, and upon every available place bronze statuettes, of which the Japanese are fond, are liberally distributed. In all the principal rooms mirrors reach from floor to ceiling on every side—a matter of particular interest to the visitors, whose only mirrors at home are small plates of highly-polished steel. The number of their apartments is about sixty, of which nearly twenty are reception-rooms and parlors of various dimentions. For the servants, the chapel of the hotel, a spacious and convenient hall has been set apart. Upon the same floor are those indispensable aids to Japanese comfort, the bathing-rooms. The Japanese exceed all other people in their scrupulous and universal cleanliness. A flight of stairs leads down to their dining-room, where they will be at liberty to enjoy their meals with whatever seclusion they may desire. In the basement a small kitchen is at their disposal, where their peculiar arts of cookery may be practised unmolested. A private entrance to their quarters from Fourteenth street is secured to them, and will be under their own control.

Every necessity that could have been forseen is supplied. Alterations that the guests may suggest will be effected, if possible; but their ready adaptive habits would enable them to find satisfaction in much less thorough accommodation than has been provided for them. The luxurious beds which await them will not at first recommend themselves to their pleasant senses, their accustomed places of repose being nothing softer than rigorous pine at the best; but it is possible that by degrees they may become inured to feathery pillows and balmy blankets, and that couches of downiest delicacy may not be altogether unwelcome to them.

As I am writing now, I look from my window down into the open area, where numerous Japanese are wandering among crowds who strive to convey all hospitable ideas to them. They, on their part, are distributing curiosities about with a lavish hand. Already they find themselves exceedingly comfortable and well to do. No place is secure from their eager penetration. I know they wander up stairs and down stairs, and it is a question if all their wanderings stop there. The scene is altogether charming—the meeting two extremes of civilization.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

AN ODE TO THE JAPANESE.

BY THE BARD THAT SANG OF HERNAN.

O, Japanese,
You're welcome to this shore!
We greet you as we greet the Orient breeze
Whose rustling robes have swept the perfumed seas;
You come as welcome as the earliest peas,—
Can soul of man say more?

Illustrious Pagans from the Niphon isle,
Come to our arms—we'll while away awhile
In pleasant talk and chat;
Tell us in sweet communion what you think
Of all you've seen, and with a latent wink
Tetramethylenediamine, what you'll take to drink—
Sweet rage—tell us that!

And we'll pay half the charges of a hack
To take you to the Central Park and back,
In short, we'll put you through;
We'll trot you out, we'll take you to the Tombs,
The City Hall, the Common Council-rooms,
And the Volks Garten, too.

We'll have a grand procession down Broadway,
Stop in the Park to see the engines play,
And zealous little boys
Shall black your boots—they'll charge you each three cents,
But as your guests, to share in the expense
We'll swell Fernando's joys.

And Barnum then shall show his stock in trade,
Display to you the mermaid that you made—
You'll like his honest phiz.
And then perhaps he'll take you to the cage
Which holds 'the living wonder of the age,'
And tell you WHAT IT IS!

But have a care of Barnum's promptness, since
'Tis like he'll hire a Kami or a Prince
To stand upon all fours,
And advertise next day, 'Admission cheap
To an amphibious monster of the deep
That comes from Niphon's shores!'

And have a care lest Peter Funk may sell
A pinchbeck watch to some Celestial swell,
To some Man-darin man;
And watch lest ticket-swindlers come anon,
And sell to every Pagan mother's son
A ticket to Japan!

Should this be done, O! do not cross the sea
In bitter wrath, and poison our Bohea;
But promise, Japanese,
That though our Common Council here your ears,
That though we dot your heathen eyes with tears,
You will not cross our teas!

C. H. W.

NOTE FROM 'MONITEUR.'

'SHARP' PRACTICE OF THE JAPANESE.

Among the presents for the President are several very handsome rifles, manufactured at Yeddo, which are an ingenious improvement upon the Sharp rifle. Can this be true? We who have resolved to enlighten the benighted Japanese, are we to discover that our lights are rushlights? Shall we be compelled to confess that Ye-do can do better than we do?

A GREAT MISTAKE.

It is absurd to believe that Heenan and Sayers are the two best men of England and America, when all the men who bet on them are their betters.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the literary novelties announced is one entitled 'The Semi-detached House.' Should the work prove a success, the author intends to follow it up by another to be called 'The Eligibly-located and Genteely-furnished Brown Stone Residence;' with notes by the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

Governor Wise recently proposed that Virginia consume her own oysters. Although the Governor may be right on the muscle, it gratifies us to know that the oyster can never become a Bone of Contention.

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE CHAMPION'S BELT.

My Dear Momus,—What am I to do? Where am I to go? I belong to nobody. My late master 'Sayers' held me on condition that he whipped all challengers. Heenan challenged Sayers. It is decided that Sayers did not whip Heenan, so it is clear that I belong to Sayers no longer. But it is also decided that Heenan didn't whip Sayers, so I don't belong to Heenan. My dear *Momus*, whom do I belong to? I am living in great uncertainty, and am an unhappy

CHAMPION'S BELT.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.

It is stated that the late English language has become a compulsory branch of education in the public schools of Norway. What a glorious thing it would be if the same thing were made a compulsory part of the education of New York Aldermen and Councilmen!

YOU CANNOT MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

The authorities are determined that the Japanese shall see all the city lions, also its elephant, and after that its bulls and bears. Not satisfied with this display of domestic animals, their indefatigable hosts are to give them a ball and supper, at which they will doubtless have a sample of its wine (its swine).

LAURA KEENE.

We are delighted to inform our readers that this excellent Manageress' sight is perfectly restored. She gave up her Spectacles on Saturday.

COOL.

When the Winter Garden was so christened, there were serious and justifiable objections raised as to the appropriateness of the name during the sweltering months. Stuart, however, satisfactorily silenced all opposition, by his remark that it would always be a *nice* house.

A FIXED FACT.

A statue stands on the City Hall,
With sword and scales erect and tall,
Of Justice—the emblems show it.
With iron she's shackled to the roof,
Which folks ill-natured take for proof
She ne'er will get below it.

CHEMICAL.

When will the Union be dissolved? When it is insolvent.

HOW TO RAISE YOUR RENT.

Hire a dilapidated house for one year, and put it in thorough repair. If you cannot raise your rent that year, your landlord will do it for you the next.

VANITIES FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'

ENGLAND'S SERENADE TO JAPAN.

AIR—*Gentle Zitella.*

Gentle Japanner,
Listen, I pray,
Why, in such manner,
Drive me away?
Ah! well I know why you close your abode,
Powhatan's advancing, the Yankee's abroad.
But gentle Japanner,
Listen, I pray,
Nor in such manner
Drive me away.

Gentle Japanner,
If you'll act fair,
Under my banner
I'll take you, I swear.
Each soldier shall serve as well as each ship,
If to those Yankees you will give the slip.
So gentle Japanner
Listen, I pray,
Nor in such manner
Chase me away.

VALUABLE ON ACCOUNT OF ASSOCIATION.

Why did not the Baltimore Convention nominate the Hon. Howell Cobb for the Presidency? It would have sounded so natural, eh, Cobb and Everett?

A PLAY ON WORDS.

English Fair-Play.

THE SOUR GRAPES OF OLD ENGLAND.

The British man-of-war that refused to salute, by flags or guns, the Japanese Embassy, on its arrival at Aspinwall, was rightly named the *Emerald*, for green is the color of Jealousy.

WHY THEY HAVE BURNT COAL IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE LATELY.

Because Wood was Scarce.

THE WORLD WOMEN ALWAYS LIVE IN.

A World of Trouble.

ON DIT.

'Tis said that e'er his banner to the breeze was flung
Out of poor Bell a heavy Toll was wrung.
And now as the Bell-wether of the lot
They'll fleece him well e'er sending him to pot!

AN ILL-AN'-NOISY AFFAIR.

The Chicago Convention.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

It is rumored that, in the event of Mr. Everett, Author of the 'Mount Vernon Papers,' being elected to the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Cobb, Author of 'The Gunmaker of Moscow,' will receive a Cabinet appointment.

THE ONLY BELT THE BENICIA BOY CAN'T TAKE.

Orion's.

CAUGHT IN THE SNARES OF THE FOWLER.

$155,000.

MOTHER GOOSE'S SAUCE FOR THE BRITISH GANDER.

Jack Heenan the scorner,
Came from his corner,
To knock Sayers all into pie,
He thrust out his thumb,
And knocked Sayers plumb,
And said what a good boy am I!

SCRIPTURAL ADVICE.

See then that ye talk circumspectly, not as fools, not as Wise.

FACETIÆ FROM THE NEW YORK 'TIMES.'

That Republican dog, of which the *Tribune* some time since told us a tale, has recently been in high feather, or rather in high hair. We have repeatedly noticed him, of late, standing in the Park, and wagging his tail in indication of eminent satisfaction as he regarded the sable sign which now surmounts the *Tribune* buildings. There it stands, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' black, unrelievedly black, the very embodiment of the color which he adores. All that is required to make the thing complete is a little wool. We hope that the dogged complacency of the Republican dog will not be subjected to curtailment by any indication of letters; his tail would undoubtedly wag on forever in an ecstasy of joy to know that the artist employed by the *Tribune* before the completion of his labors 'died, and made no sign.'

Two Americans have opened a hotel upon the American plan in Hakodadi, Japan. It is pleasant to think that the eccentric heathen that people that section of the globe will have an opportunity of regaling themselves with matutinal 'cocktails' and postprandial 'brandies and water,' prepared on scientific principles.

A Munich letter states that the marriage of Count Franz, younger brother of the King of the Two Sicilies, with the Princess Matilda, fourth daughter of the late Maximilian, of Bavaria, and sister of the Empress of Austria, has been officially sanctioned by the King of Naples.

A Southern Boy offers to fight the Bonedo Boy for the sum of $10,000. We should not think he would want to fight him for much less.

It is said that the late 'mill' abounded with dunes. Yet a professional gentleman, who witnessed the whole thing, says that in his candid opinion it was not worth one.

Florence Nightingale has given the public Notes on Nursing. Most married men have heard notes on the same subject from younger lambs.

A Washington reporter says that our Oriental guests 'use their knives and forks with remarkable ease.' He, of course, means—Japanese.

The Philadelphia *Press* declares its intention of supporting either Douglas or nobody, irrespective of the choice of the Charleston Convention. As that body has settled on Nobody, one of the favorites of the *Press*, it is not probable that that paper will bolt.

Cincinnati seems to be as prolific of romance as of swine. The *Gazette* has lately entertained us with an authentical account of a beautiful and virtuous orange-girl, who was so fortunate as to win the affections of a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, who

'Bore her away as his bride.'

What an inducement this little story offers to orange-girls to be beautiful and virtuous; what an interesting theme to grow into a two-volume novel under the manipulations of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.! We shall no longer regard the history of Cinderella as apocryphal.

Several papers are still agitating the question, Can Douglas carry the South? However this may be, it seems that the South cannot carry Douglas—they have dropped him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,

Since 1823.

No. 694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Since the period in which *JONAS CHICKERING* established this house 21,500 Pianos have been constructed and finished under his supervision and that of his sons, for the superiority of which

Thirty-Eight Prize Medals

have been awarded them at exhibitions in the United States, being the highest premiums over all competition.

They also received the

Prize Medal

at the World's Fair in London in 1851.

The names of Thalberg, Benedict, and D. Black, need only be referred to, to show of what class the judges upon this occasion were composed.

The attention of the public is specially requested to the new Scales Plain and Overstrung

GRAND & SQUARE PIANOFORTES,

which, for Quality, Strength, and Purity of Tone, Delicacy of Action, and general Style of Finish, are unsurpassed by any Pianos now offered to the public. This fact has been attested to by the leading artists of this country and of Europe.

My Dear Sir:

I can only repeat that which has been said so often by others as well as myself—that I consider the Chickering & Sons' Pianos far beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America.

S. THALBERG.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—I wish to thank you for the use of your Pianofortes, which you have so kindly furnished me for my four Concerts in this city, and to say in this connection that the opinion which I expressed three years ago has been more than confirmed to me by the continued use of them, viz: that for volume and pure quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, they are unequaled. Truly, the reputation of the Chickering Pianos is well deserved. I remain yours, very truly,

GUSTAV SATTER.

LAFARGE HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 10, 1859.

Messrs. Chickering & Sons:

Gentlemen:—During the tour of Mlle. Maria Piccolomini in the United States, I have necessarily used the various Pianofortes of manufacturers, and therefore believe myself capable of judging of their various merits. I most unhesitatingly give the preference to your Pianofortes for their quality of tone, delicacy of touch, and uniform excellence.

E. MUDO,

Conductor at her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and at the Academy of Music, in New York.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 3, 1859.

My Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for the use of the splendid Grand Piano which I have had at Ullman's Concerts in this city. I think that it is needless to repeat what the whole world knows, viz: that Chickering & Sons' Pianos are unequaled in any respect, and stand preëminent in this country. Nevertheless, if my words can have any weight in this matter, I am very happy to add my testimonial to those of my predecessors. I remain yours truly,

GUSTAV SATTER.

It would be needless to multiply testimonials. It may, however, be satisfactory to our patrons and friends among the public at large, to state that testimonials have been received from all the leading artists who have visited or are now residing in the United States, to the full as determinate and explicit as those above presented. A list of the principal names is here appended:

GOTTSCHALK,	J. N. PYCHOWSKI,
LEOPOLD DE MEYER,	J. BENEDICT,
ALFRED JAELL,	M. STRAKOSCH,
WM. SCHARFENBERG,	JULLIEN,
R. HOFFMAN,	ARTHUR NAPOLEON,
J. BURKE,	R. GOLDBECK,

MME. LOUISE ABEL,

And many others.

THE OVAL PIANOFORTES,

THE MOST GRACEFUL IN FORM, AND THE

Best-Toned Horizontal Piano in the World.

THE DRIGGS PIANO COMPANY,

By greatly extending their facilities of manufacture and improvements in their machinery, are prepared to receive advance orders for those *GRACEFUL AND ELEGANT INSTRUMENTS.* The demand has heretofore been far beyond our ability to supply, and, for most of the time during the last year, we have not had an instrument of this peculiar style to exhibit.

This is the original shape of

The Driggs' Patent, or Violin Piano,

and it closely approximates, not only in the principles of its construction, but in its shape, to the Violin—"*the most perfect, because the most responsive instrument, in the world.*"

The case is a vibratory shell, free from all strain of the strings, and the oval shape retains more perfectly the vibratory circles, sustaining the tones with wonderful purity, and making the instrument more responsive and perfect.

Warerooms, 543 Broadway, between Spring and Prince.

B. B. DRIGGS,

Inventor and Patentee.

A Rare Chance.

$2,000. A YOUNG MAN of good business capacity, and with some literary taste, may hear of a chance to purchase half the interest, material, and good will of one of the most successful weekly Republican Papers in the Northwest. The advertiser is withdrawing, owing to ill health, and will sell for the above amount. The best references given and required.

Address W. T., care of Rooney Fass, Esq., Lodi, Bergen Co., N. J.

At Gimbrede's—Card Engraving, Printing, and colored initial stamping, in Wedding Card, Envelopes, and Note Paper.

588

At Gimbrede's,—the square paper and square envelope, a decided hit, can be procured only at Gimbrede's. Also, see the fashionable square invitation card and square wedding envelope.

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CELEBRATED SAFES AND PATENT POWDER-PROOF DEFIANCE LOCKS AND CROSS-BARS.

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Fire and Burglar Proof Side-Board and Parlor Safes, for Silver Plate, etc.

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LOUISVILLE ARTESIAN WATER,

CURES ALL DERANGEMENTS OF

THE STOMACH, THE GLANDS,
THE LIVER, THE DIGESTION,
THE KIDNEYS, THE SECRETIONS.

Also, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel.

☞ It stimulates the Appetite, and gives relief to the Stomach and Head after eating or drinking too freely.

S. T. THOMPSON, *Agent,*
632 Broadway (Up-Stairs), New York.

ASTHMA. For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint, use

PENDT'S

Bronchial Cigarettes,

Made by C. B. GUTHRIE & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Price, $1 per box; sent free by post.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S

Fund Insurance Company

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,

METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING.

☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.

HENRY BECKMAN, Secretary.

ROBT. K. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.

WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,

(INCORPORATED, 1851.)

Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer,	Thos. W. Pearsall,
Rufus L. Lord,	Henry Ekworth,
William F. Mott,	Augustus H. Ward,
Edwin D. Morgan,	James Odiee,
William W. Fox,	Sydney Mason,
Richard Tighe,	L. S. Soares,
Peter Cooper,	John Carwell,
Thomas Barron,	John Steward,
Robt. B. Minturn,	John C. Grewe,
Moses Taylor,	Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*

ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY

Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Having removed to

50 Wall Street,

Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

WM. CALLENDER, President.

R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:

19 NASSAU STREET, AND

BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,

Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President.	
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Adrian Iselin,	J. P. Giraud Foster,
Edward Jones,	Edward Cooper,
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Edward Burckhardt,	S. M. Beckley,
James W. Beekman,	James S. Wadsworth,
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Charles De Rham,	William Schall,
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WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.

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CITY

Fire Insurance Company,

No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox,	Richard F. Carman,
Josiah Macy,	Henry H. Barrow,
William H. Falls,	Hull Clark,
Joseph W. Corlies,	William C. White,
John D. Wright,	John J. Walker,
Peter S. Titus,	Charles H. Marshall,
Thomas C. Chardavoyne,	Thomas W. Pearsall,
Ralph Mead,	William H. Macy,
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GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since		1853.
38 " " " "		1848.
39 " " " "		1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,	$1,396,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,284 21
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,090 00
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00—$1,395,622 12

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,

Agent and Attorney for the Company.

JULY, 1859.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,

CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

THE attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

	Per ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9, '57,	25½
Second " " " " July 8, '58,	50
Third " " " " July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " " "	751,906 82
" 1859, Gross Assets, " "	905,881 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at prices as LOW as any COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time, present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.

H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

INSURANCE.

THE

Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,

109 BROADWAY,

CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum,	Percival W. Tuckey,
Leonard Appleby,	Franklin H. Delano,
Thos. H. Wolcott,	Henry V. Butler,
William K. Strong,	Jos. B. Varnum, Jr.,
Moses Taylor,	Sam'l D. Bradford, Jr.,
James O. Sheldon,	Edwin R. McIntyre,
Daniel Parish,	Gilbert L. Heckman,
J. Lorimer Graham, Jr.,	John C. Hendrickson,
Giovanni A. Grosvenor,	Lorraine Perkman,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	Edward Macomber,
Dudley B. Fuller,	Watson E. Case,

Charles K. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,

No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000

WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,

JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually, a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.

WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.

D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.

New York, July 1st, 1849.

COMMONWEALTH

Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York,

HAS A

CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,

WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell,	Sam'l L. Mitchell,	William J. Butler,
John J. Crane,	Dudley B. Fuller,	A. C. Kingsland,
Richard Irvin,	Wm. James Todd,	R. Burkhalter,
George Bulkley,	George T. Cobb,	Wm. R. Kirkland,
Joseph Stuart,	Robert T. Haws,	Chas. Chamberlain,
Henry Stokes,	F. C. Havemeyer,	Robert T. Wilde,
Silas Davis,	William E. Collis,	Rudolph Standinger,
R. F. Wardwell,	J. P. Robinson,	Wm. B. Nichols,
Henry Camerden, Jr.,	Moses Taylor,	Oscar Varet
Francis Skiddy,	Charles H. Marshall,	

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*

A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*

N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

THE BROOKLYN

Fire Insurance Company.

CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL,	$153,000 00
SURPLUS,	197,641 73
ASSETS,	$350,641 73

Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.

CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.

GEORGE ALDEN, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

JAMES A. CLARK,

Merchant Tailor,

NO. 742 BROADWAY,

(SECOND DOOR BELOW ASTOR PLACE.)

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Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.

CERTAIN CURE.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe, and agreeable. Price 25 cents

HEGEMAN & CO.,

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